

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

COOKIE

№22
DEC.
JAN.

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...



ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN!
I SAID YOU COULD
STOP SAYING
"AHH"!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

The Magazine
THAT'S
MAKING AMERICA

ROOAR!

HERE IT IS ---
A BOMBSHELL OF
BELLY-LAFFS --- A
SALVO OF SMILES
--- THE GREATEST
GLOOM-CHASER
THAT EVER HIT
THE STANDS!

THERE'S A SHRIEK
A SECOND WAITING
FOR YOU --- AND
YOU'LL LOVE IT!
SO RUN --- DO NOT
WALK --- TO YOUR
NEAREST NEWS-
STAND, AND
SAY:



I want

HA HA COMICS

only
10¢

ON ALL STANDS

COOKIE



YOO-HOO, COOKIE!
TIME TO GET
UP! -

OKAY, MOM!
I'M AWAKE!

WELL, SEE IF
POP'S AWAKE...
IT'S GETTING
LATE!

RIGHT,
MOM!

ATTABOY,
BUTCH...GO
WAKE POP!

WOOF!
WOOF!





WHY, YOU FLEA-BITTEN HOUND! I'LL...



HOLY SOX, POP... WHAT HAPPENED?



THAT BLAMED DOG! HE NOT ONLY GOT ME SOAKING WET, BUT HE CAUSED ME TO SPILL MY NEW BOTTLE OF HAIR TONIC, TOO!



OH WELL, MAYBE I'M GETTING TOO EXCITED! THAT STUFF WAS PROBABLY NO GOOD ANYHOW!



WOT THE...!



HEY, WHERE'S THAT DOG?

OH-OH! BUTCH, WOT DID YOU DO NOW?



SMACK!



GOODNESS, I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE DOGS!

YEAH! WOT'S THE IDEA OF KISSIN' HIM, POP?

...AN' IF IT WASN'T FOR MY PAL BUTCH, HERE... THAT BOTTLE NEVER WOULD'VE SPILLED ON MY HEAD... HUH, BOY?

HAW-HAW! HAIR, HE SEZ!

LOOK! HAIR!

HA-HA! OH, POP!



THAT'S DOG HAIR, POP... YOU MUSTA USED THE DOG'S BRUSH!



OKAY, YOU HOUND! STOP GRINNING AT ME!



I SAID, STOP GRINNING AT ME!

!

BAM!



ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

PLOP!

...SO WHEN THE OATMEAL PLOPS ON POP'S DOME, THE MUTT ROARS...AN' POP GOES OFF HIS TROLLEY AN' SEZ HE WON'T LIVE UNDER THE SAME ROOF WITH HIM...SEZ I GOTTA GET RID OF HIM TODAY!

AW, DON'T WORRY, COOKIE...YOUR POP'LL GET OVER IT BY TOMORROW!

MAYBE...BUT WHERE'S BUTCH GONNA STAY TILL TOMORROW?

THERE'S A KENNEL ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL...YOU CAN LEAVE HIM THERE OVERNIGHT --C'MON!

HEY, WHERE IS THIS KENNEL JOINT, ANYWAY? WE'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! IT'S RIGHT DOWN THE BLOCK!

KENNELS...

OH, PEACHY! NOW WOT?

CLOSED
-BE BACK
AT NOON

I ONLY KNOW ONE THING! IF WE'RE LATE FOR SCHOOL, THAT MUTT IS GONNA BE A VERY POOR ALIBI!

YEAH! BUTCH, YOU'LL JUST HAFTA BE A GOOD GUY AN' WAIT OUTSIDE TILL NOON!

NO BOY, YOU JUST RELAX OUT HERE! THEY DON'T ALLOW DOGS IN SCHOOL!

SOMETIMES I WONDER! ...UMM...



FOR MY LECTURE ON ANATOMY, I HAVE BEEN VERY FORTUNATE IN LOCATING THIS PLASTER SKELETON! AS YOU CAN SEE, IT IS--- **BLAH, BLAH---**



YOU WILL NOTICE THE---!!

WAROOF! AROOOF!



MERCY! A WILD DOG!

OH, BOY! WHERE DO I START FOIST?



HELP! SOMEBODY CALL THE DOG CATCHER, QUICK!

JEEPERS, THIS IS IT!

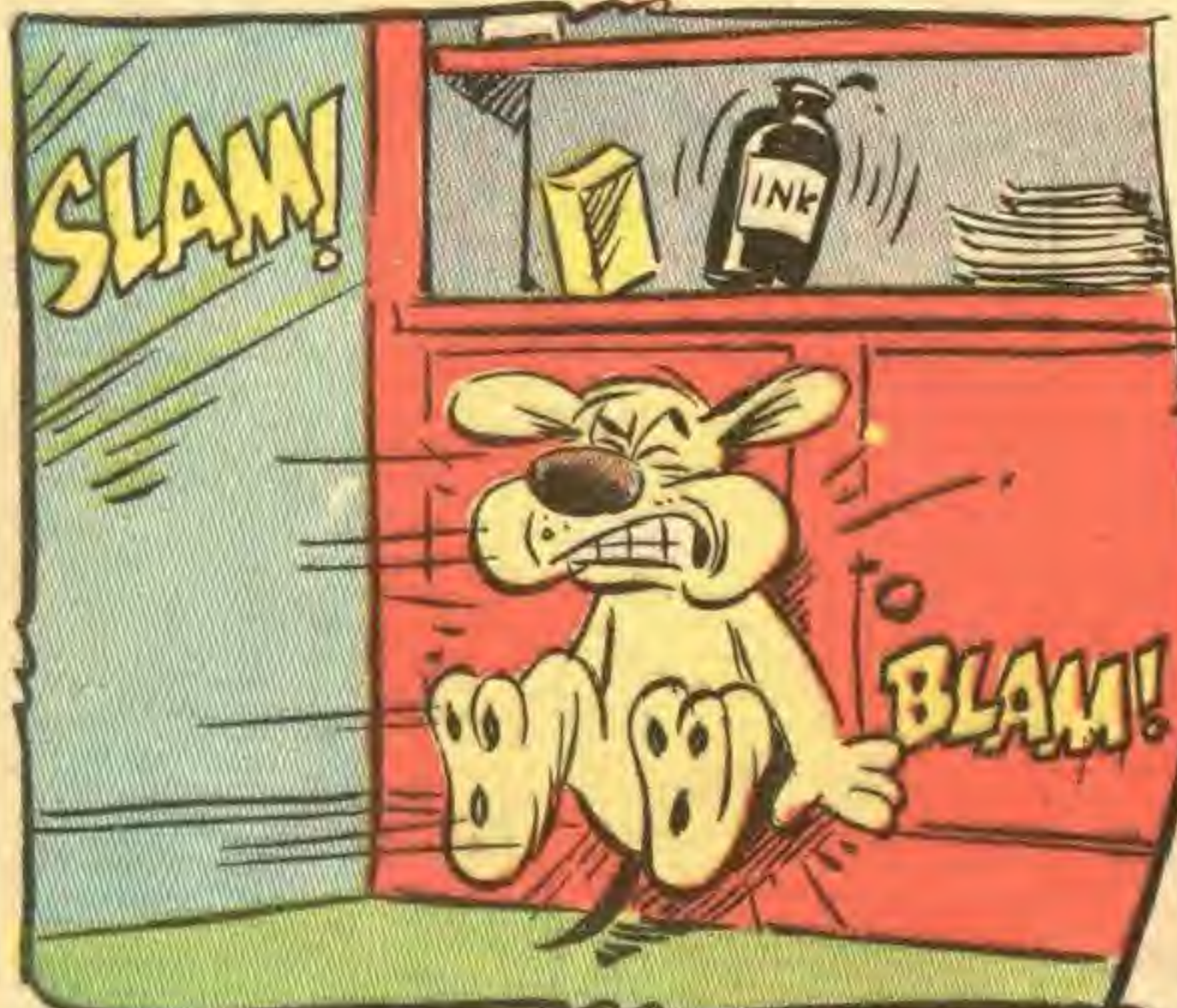
LET'S GET HIM OUT, FAST!



BUTCH, C'MON--- THEY'RE ONLY PLASTER BONES!

HURRY UP!



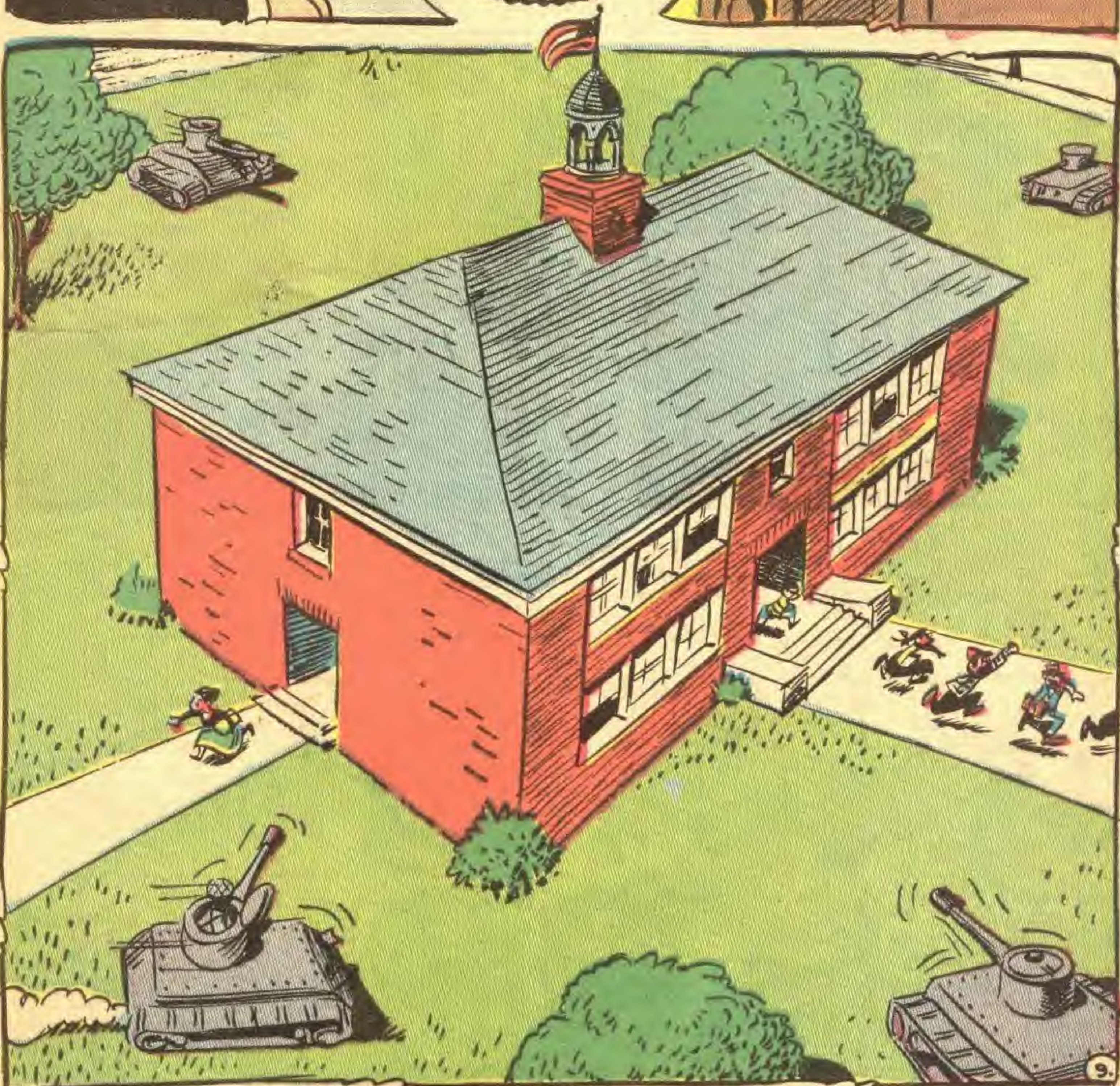
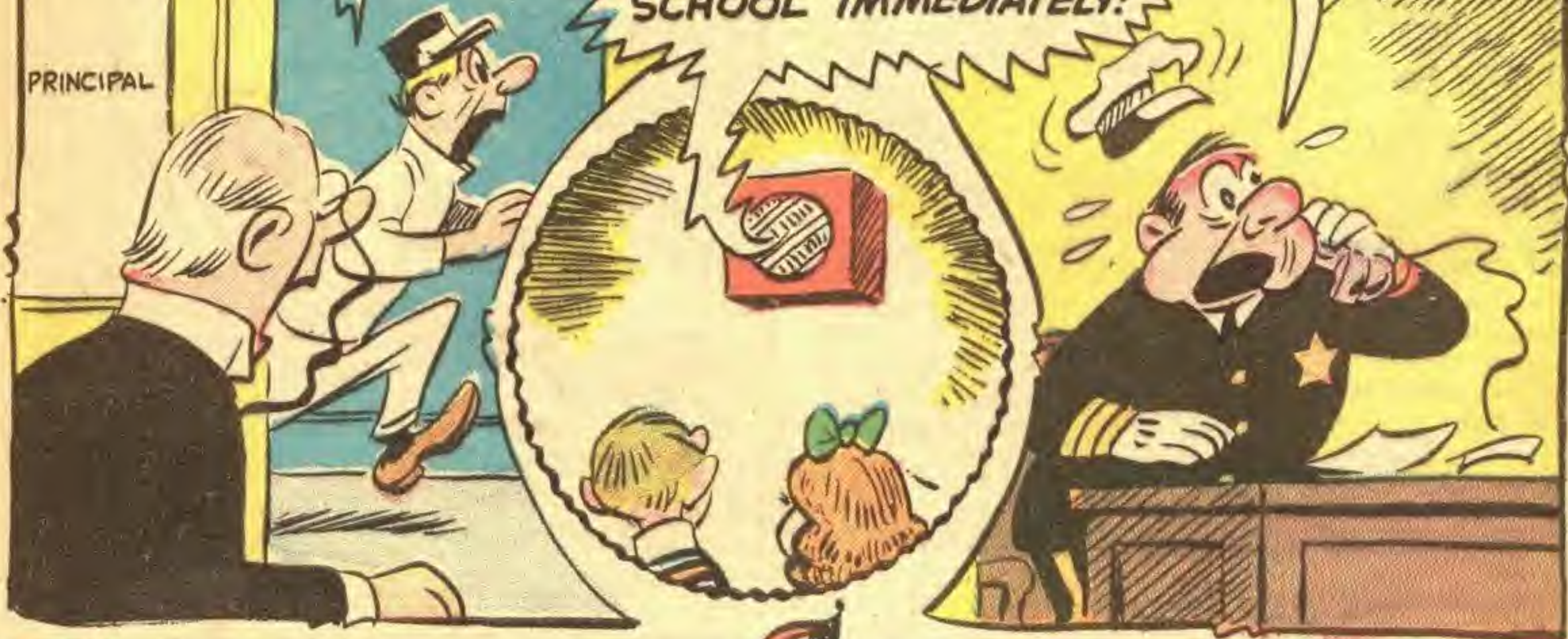


**HELP! POLICE! THERE'S
A TIGER LOOSE!**

PRINCIPAL

**ALL STUDENTS
ARE TO BE DIS-
MISSED FROM
SCHOOL IMMEDIATELY!**

**A TIGER?... NOT
ME! TELL IT TO THE
MARINES!**





HOLY SOX...THE **MARINES** ARE HERE! THEY'LL SHOOT POOR BUTCH ON SIGHT!

THEN LET'S GET THE **INK** OFF HIM, **QUICK!**



IT'S A GOOD THING THE **PRINCIPAL** DUCKED OUT, TOO... WE CAN USE HIS ROOM!

OH, **YEAH?** WELL, HERE HE COMES **NOW**... WITH THE **JANITOR!**

PRINCIPAL



WOT'LL WE DO WITH THE **MUTT?**

HERE---PUT HIM IN THIS **CRATE** TILL THINGS **SIMMER** DOWN!



HERE, HERE, YOU **BOYS**---WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING IN HERE?

WE---ER--- WE WERE **HIDIN'** THE **MUTT**---I MEAN, **HIDIN'** FROM THE **TIGER**, **SIR!**



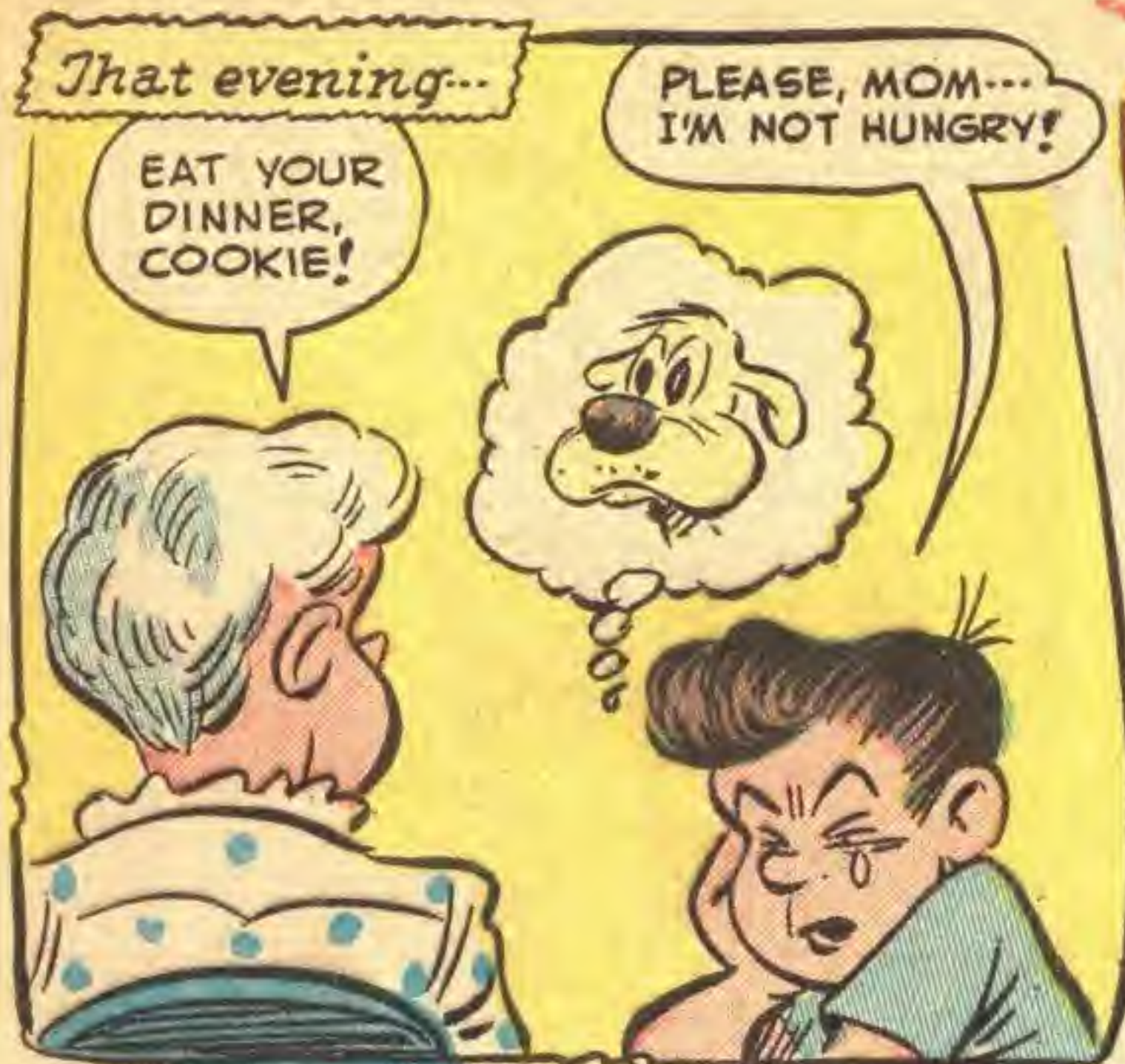
WELL, GET **OUTSIDE** WITH THE **OTHERS!**...**MARCH!**

YESSIR!



THERE'S THE **CRATE** THERE...IT'S A **RAFFLE** PRIZE TO BE GIVEN AWAY AT THE **KIWANIS' CLUB** TODAY! HANDLE IT WITH **CARE**, PLEASE!

?





ER...LOOK, SON, IT'S A **TELEVISION SET!** DON'TCHA WANNA LOOK?

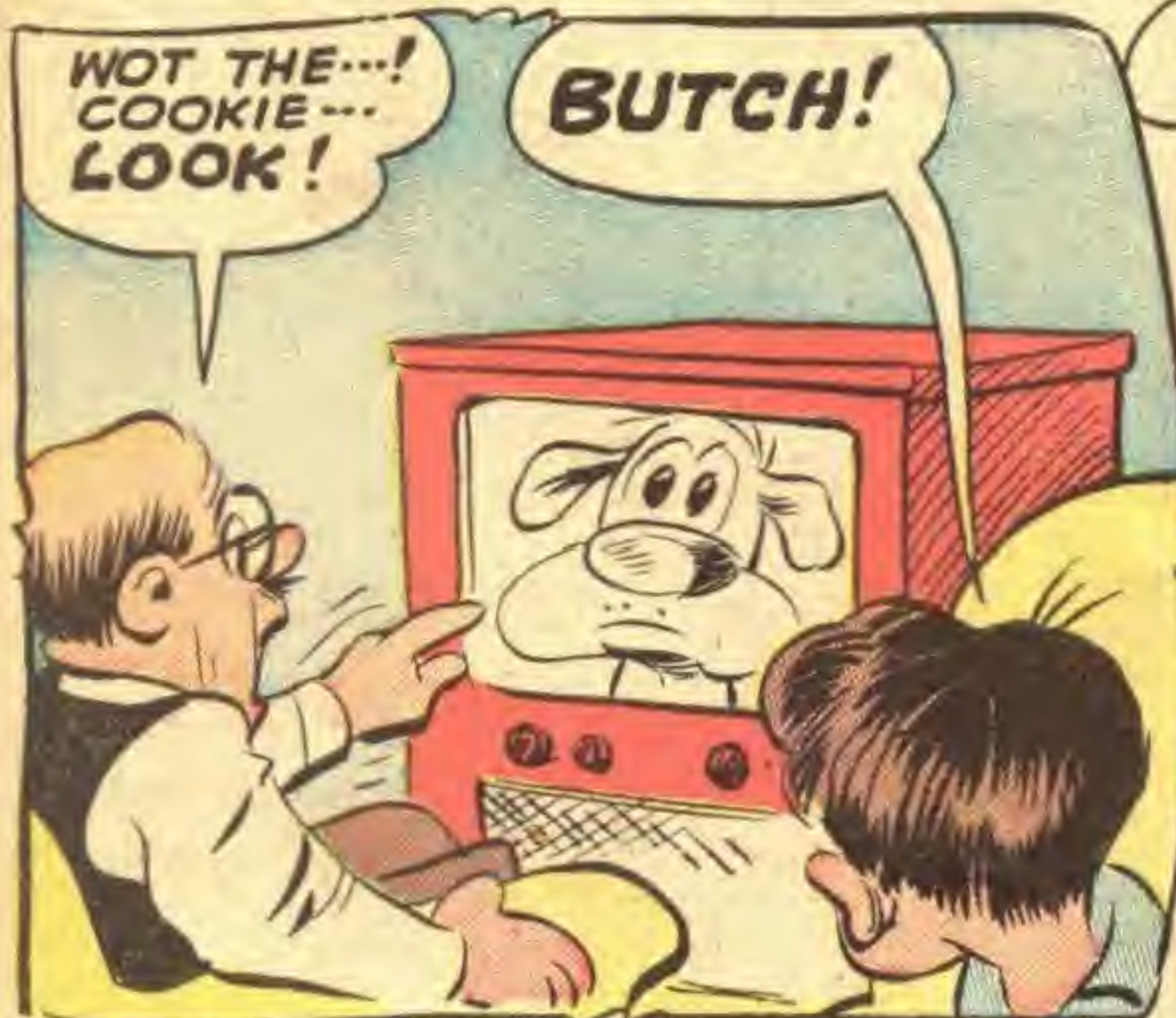
NO THANKS, POP!



UMMM... LEMMEE SEE, NOW! HOW DO YOU WORK THIS THING?

THERE! THE LIGHT LIT!

CLICK!



WOT THE...! COOKIE... LOOK!

BUTCH!



F'EVVIN'S SAKE... WOT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

BUTCH, OLD PAL! IT'S REALLY YOU!



BOY, WOT **LUCK!** POP...THAT'S THE SAME CASE I TOLD YOU WE HID HIM IN!

WE WERE **BOTH** LUCKY... HEY, SON? YOU GOT WHAT **YOU** WANT AND YOUR POP'S GOT WHAT **HE** WANTS!



...OR HAVE I ???

-Hi Fellows! The NEW

LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



**SEE THE NEW
DIESEL LOCOS-
and the marvelous
DIESEL SWITCHER**

Boy! — I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke puffing locos, the built-in real R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$15.95.

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Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

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full-color Lionel Train Catalog for 1949.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

GUS

I'M ON MY WAY DOWN TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN, LORRIE! WANNA TAG ALONG?

SURE, I'D LOVE TO, GUS!

YOU CAN WATCH ME KEEP AN EYE ON THIS PHOTOGRAPHER! I UNDERSTAND HE'S A GYP ARTIST!

OKAY, NOW IF YOU NOTICE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, LET ME KNOW!

F. RAYNOR PHOTOGRAPHY

SAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UNDER THAT HOOD? WHY DON'T YOU WORK OUT IN THE OPEN?

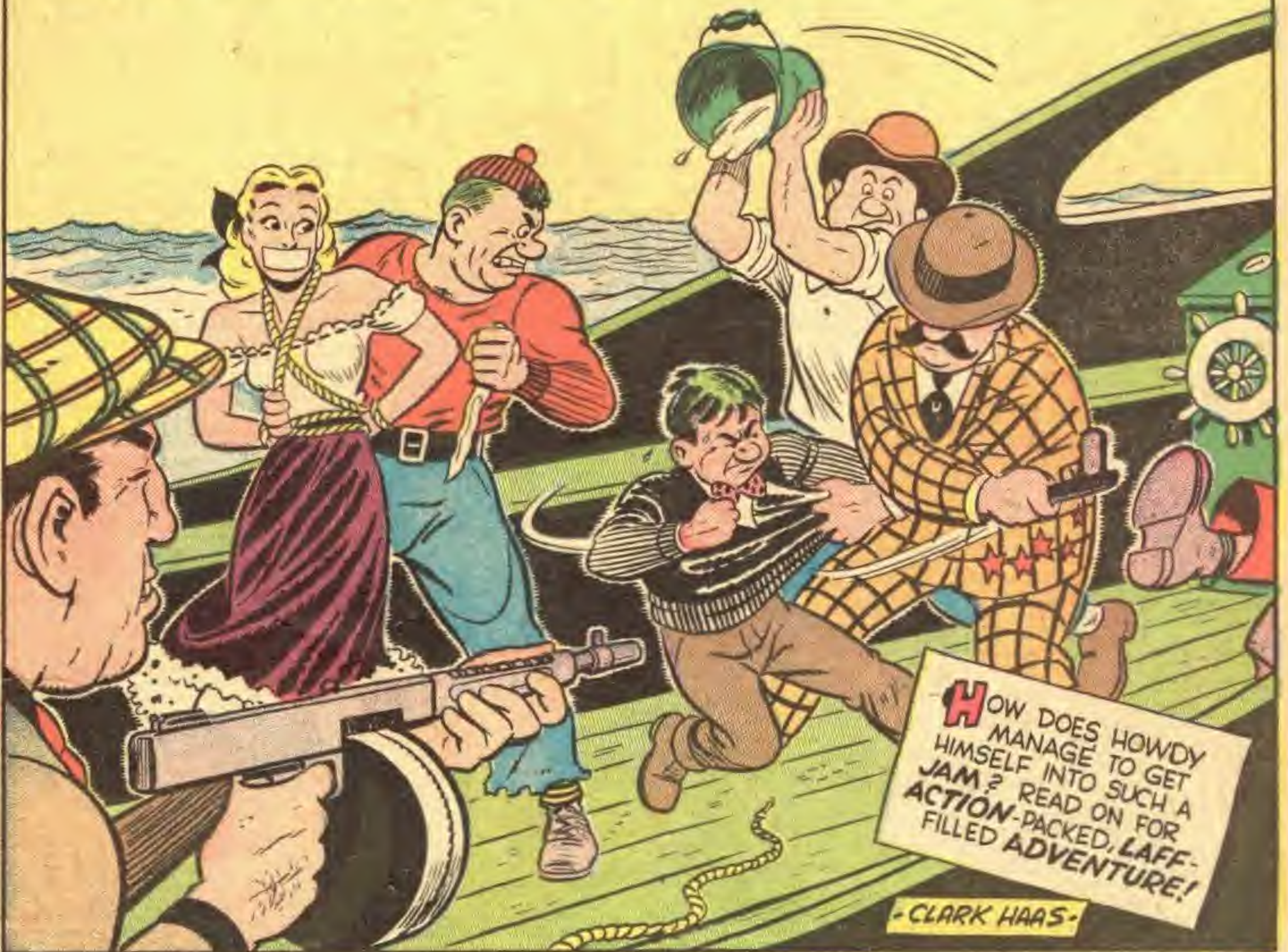
WHY, SIR, I NEED DARKNESS TO SET MY PLATES AND FRAME THE PICTURE PROPERLY!

HERE, LET ME LOOK THROUGH THAT CAMERA!

SAY...WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL HERE...? I'M NOT EVEN IN THAT PICTURE!

AL HARTLEY

HOWDY HAIL



HOW DOES HOWDY
MANAGE TO GET
HIMSELF INTO SUCH A
JAM? READ ON FOR
ACTION-PACKED, LAFF-
FILLED ADVENTURE!

- CLARK HAAS -

AW, C'MON, SAL. GO TO
THE DANCE TONIGHT WITH
ME! YOU'VE DATED THIS
DROOP-SHOOT
ENUFF!

DON'T PAY
ANY ATTENTION
TO MUTTON-HEAD!
IT'S MY TURN!

OH, BOYS,
STOP YOUR
BICKERING!
I'M SICK
AND TIRED
OF IT!

I'M SICK OF HEARING
YOU DO-NOTHINGS WRANGLE!
BESIDES, I'M LOOKING FOR A
MAN OF ACTION,
WHO **THINKS!**

THINKS?!



HEY, SAL, WHAT DO YA MEAN BY "A MAN WHO **THINKS**"?!

—A MAN WHO CAN **INVENT** WONDERFUL THINGS!

A MAN OF PROGRESS! THE MAN WHO INVENTED **THIS**, FOR INSTANCE!

HMM, LOOKS EASY ENUFF!

WELL, MY DEAR, YOU'VE COME TO THE **RIGHT** PARTY! I'M JUST **FULL** OF IDEAS, INCLUDING, SNAPPY INVENTIONS!

I'LL MATCH **MY** BRAINS WITH THE BEST OF 'EM!

ME TOO!

WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO **SHOW** ME!

WELL, BACK TO THE OL' DRAWING BOARD!

I WANT **RESULTS**, NOT JUST WORDS!

SCIENCE IS ABOUT TO STEP FORWARD ANOTHER 25 YEARS!

AT LEAST !!

THAT NIGHT, SLINKY LOOKS UP AN OLD FRIEND, GEORGE GIMMICK, A CON MAN IF THERE EVER WAS ONE ...

NOW HERE'S THE PITCH, GEORGE—I WANT YOU TO SPONSOR AN INVENTOR'S EXHIBITION, BUT SPONSORED ON THE **Q.T.** BY **ME**—GET IT?

GO ON...

...AND THEN WHEN IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO AWARD FIRST PRIZE FOR THE BEST INVENTION, YOU NATURALLY PICK MINE!

NATURALLY! AND THEN YOU GET THE GIRL! HEH! HEH! JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO OL' GEORGE GIMMICK.

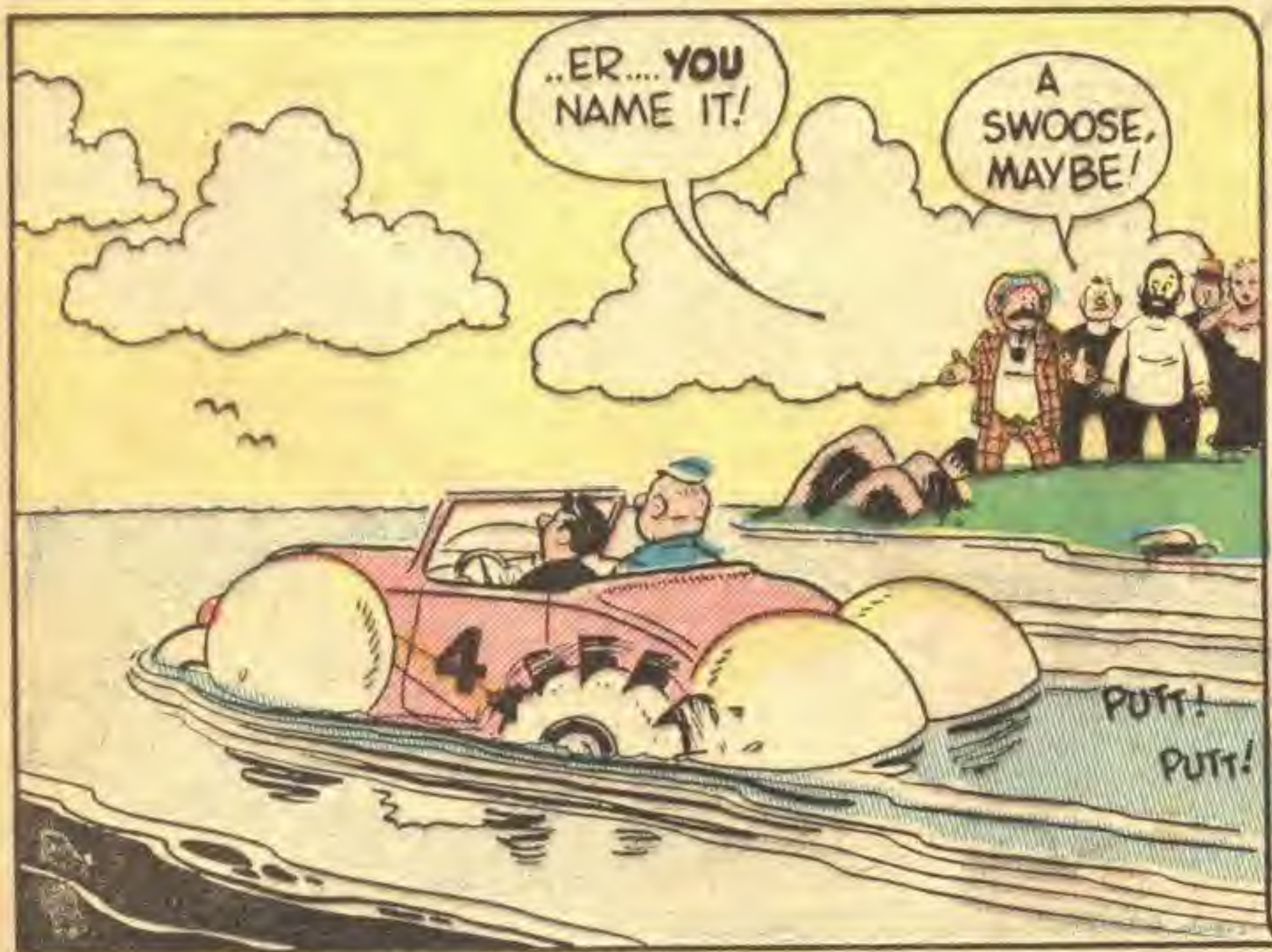


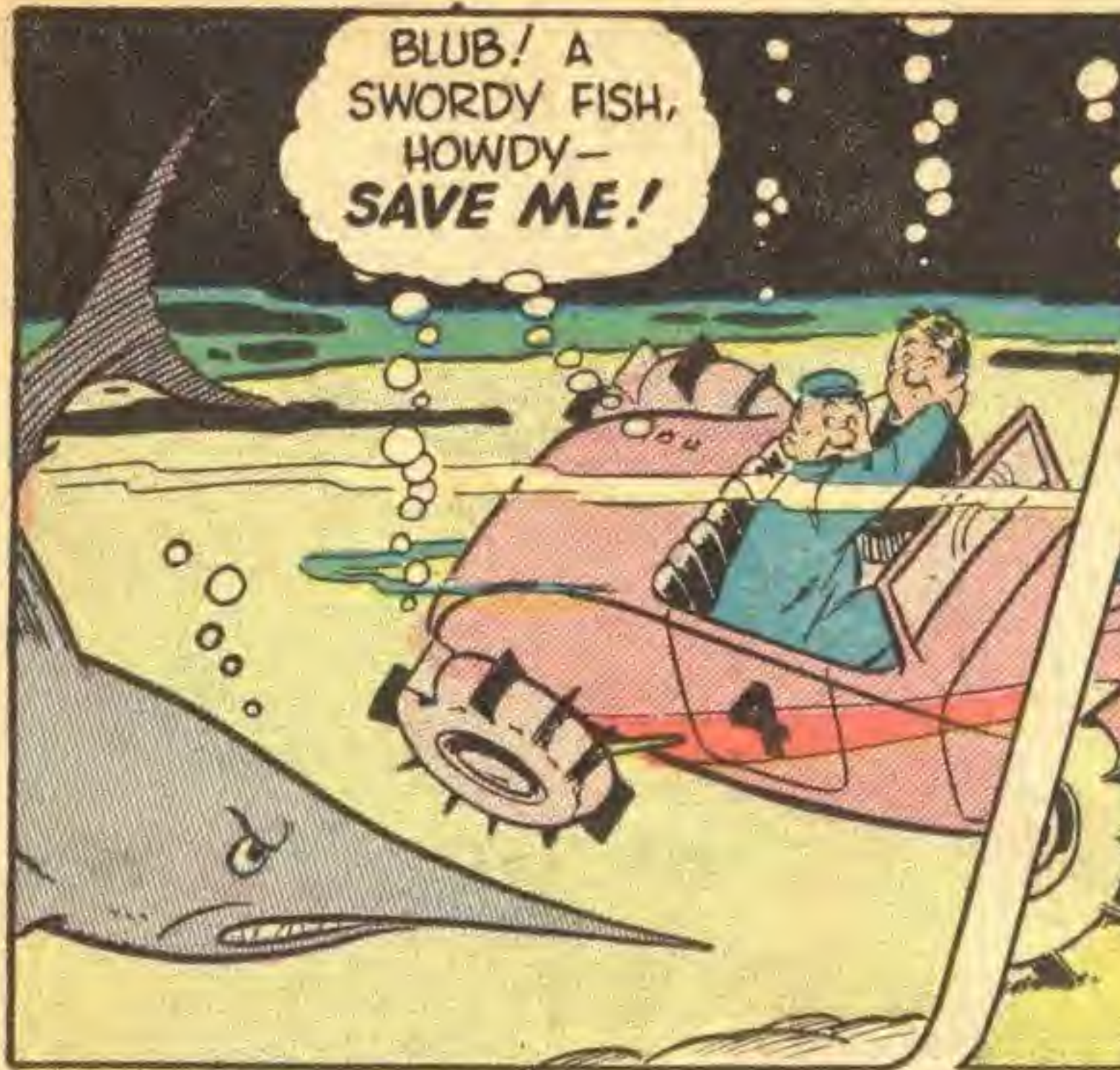
AH, BUT NOW IT'S THE BIG DAY OF THE INVENTOR'S EXHIBITION...



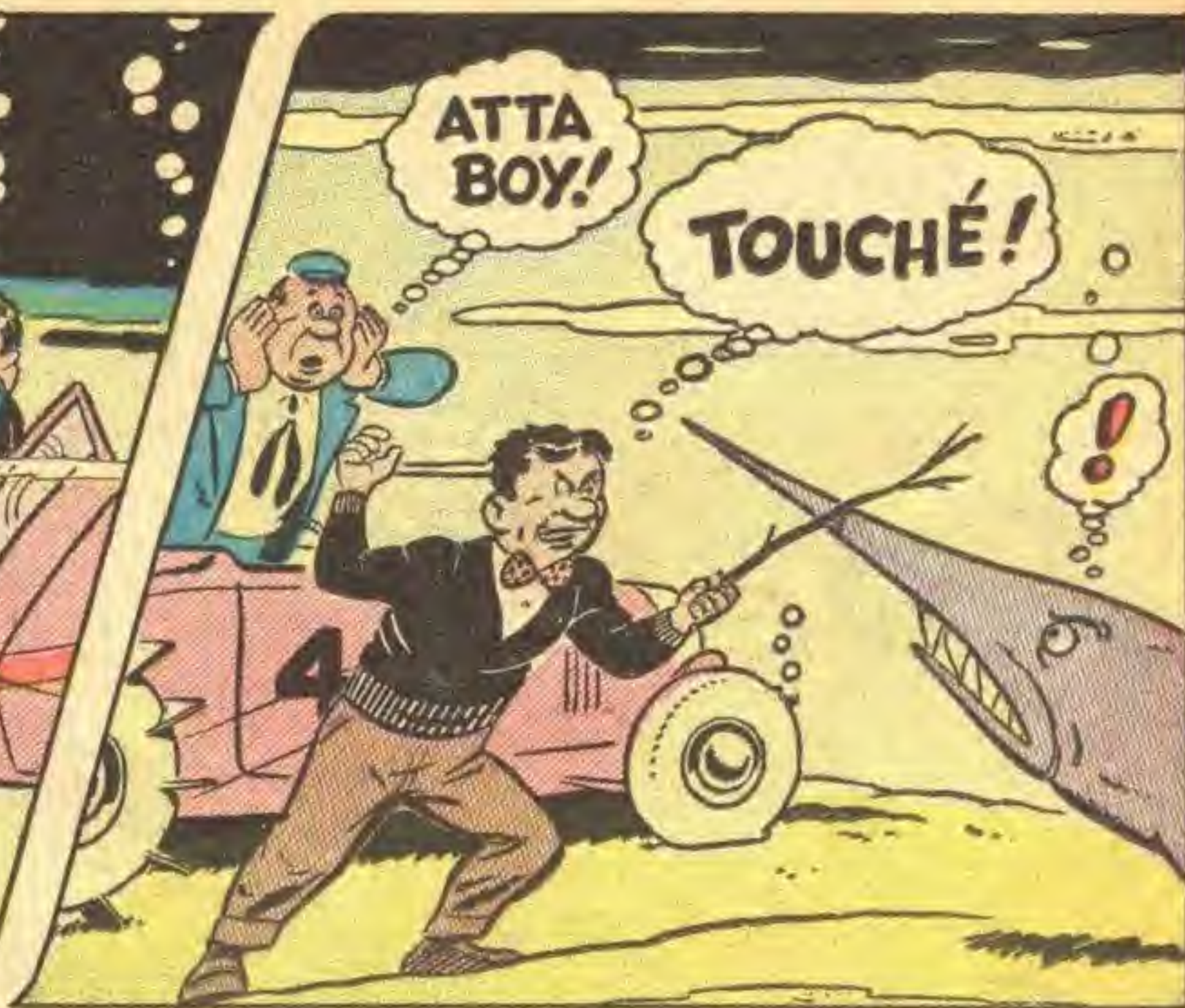






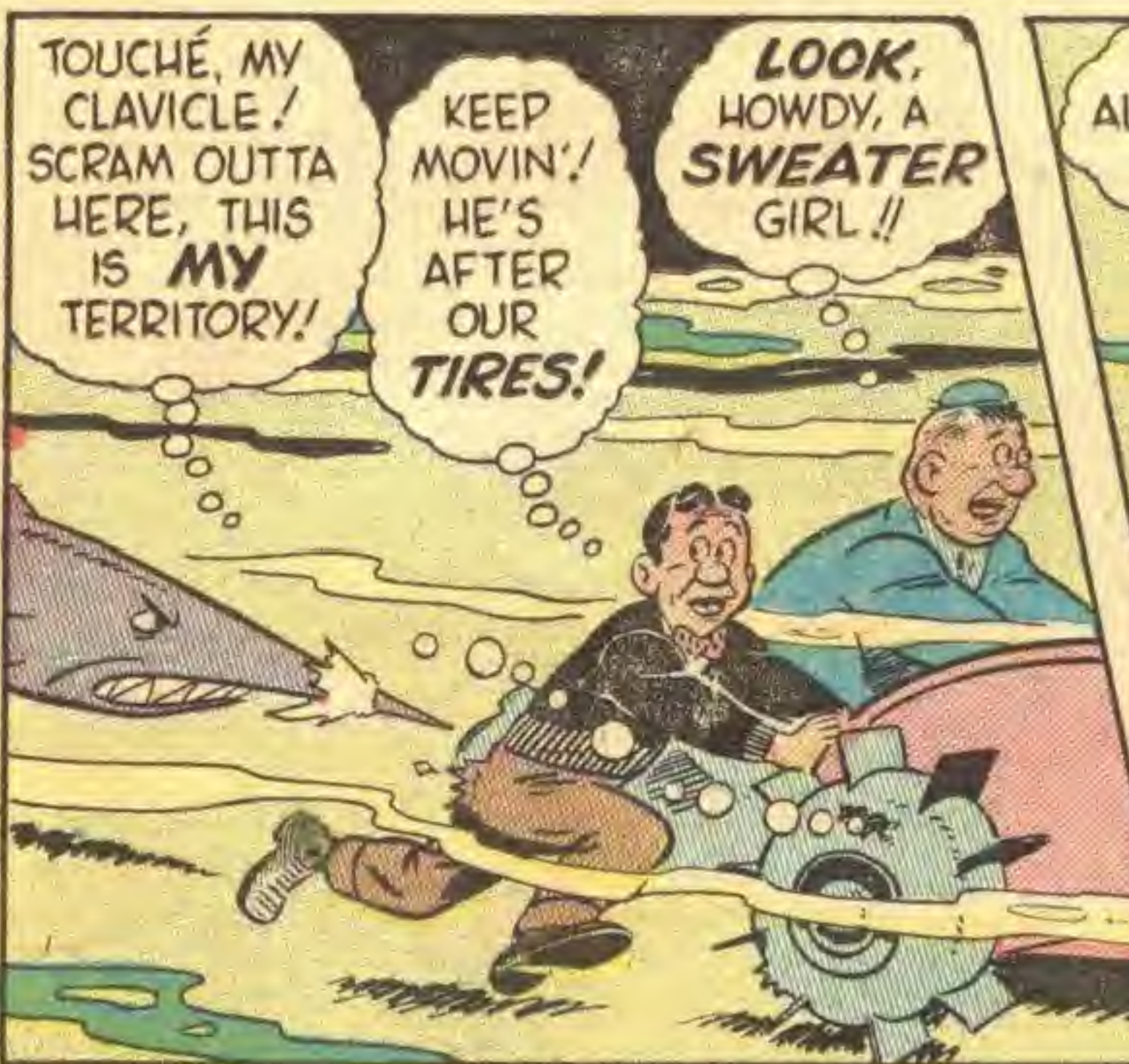


BLUB! A
SWORDY FISH,
HOWDY—
SAVE ME!



**ATTA
BOY!**

TOUCHÉ!



TOUCHÉ, MY
CLAVICLE!
SCRAM OUTTA
HERE, THIS
IS **MY**
TERRITORY!

KEEP
MOVIN'!
HE'S
AFTER
OUR
TIRES!

LOOK,
HOWDY, A
SWEATER
GIRL!!



LEAVE 'EM
ALONE, YOU BIG
BABOON!

GEE, THANKS, GIRLIE!

KONK!



...TOO BAD THEY SUNK! BY A UNANIMOUS
VOTE (OF ONE), I SELECT SLINKY GOTLOTS
THE WINNER—

PAY YA
LATER, GEORGE!

I PROMISED
A KISS TO THE
VICTOR.....
SOB

SOB

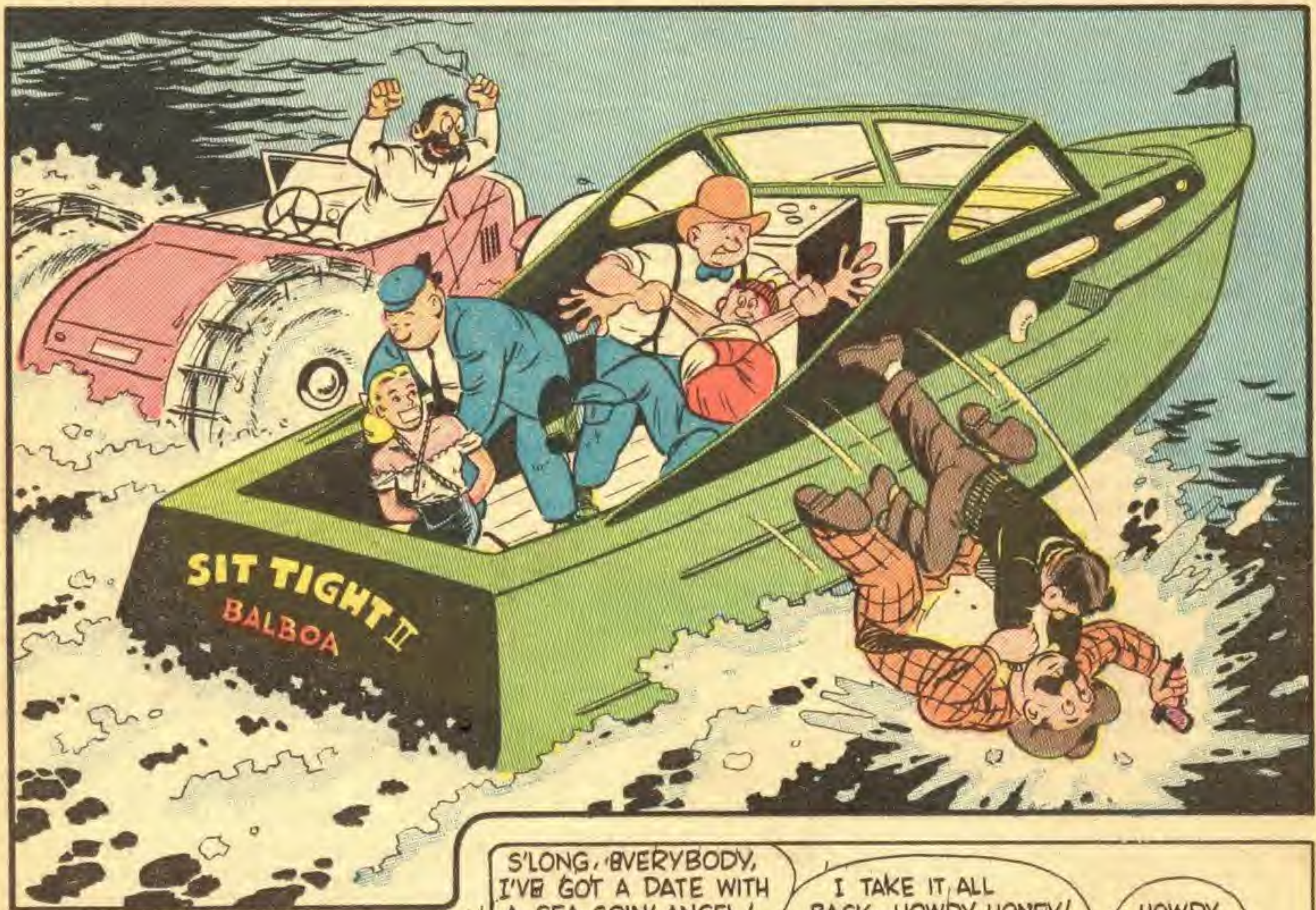


HEY, BUB, PAY US THAT FIFTY-CENTS
YOU OWE US FOR KNOCKIN' HOLES IN
THOSE MUGS' BALLOONS!

OH-
OH!







S'LONG, 'EVERYBODY, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A SEA-GOIN' ANGEL!

I TAKE IT ALL BACK, HOWDY, HONEY! YOU'RE THE MAN OF ACTION — YOU'RE THE MAN FOR ME!

HOWDY AWARDED IT TO US!!

BETTER BRING YOUR WATER-WINGS, HANDSOME!

AW GEE, GOSH!

RATS!



KISS



THE END

**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO GO
ROARING BY WITH A WONDERFUL

**CHUGGA-
MOTA!**

SOUNDS LIKE A
REAL MOTORCYCLE

CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA
CHUGGA!
CHUGGA



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WILD CHERRY
COUGH DROP BOXES

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JEEPERS! THESE
WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS
ARE THE BEST THINGS
I EVER TASTED!

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SMITH BROTHERS
P. O. Box No. 121
New York 46, N. Y.

HURRY! While supply lasts!

"SPEAK ^{for} YOURSELF, JOHN!"

COOKIE O'Toole stared at his bosom buddy and demanded sympathetically, "What's the matter with you? You look like a dying cow!"

"Oh, I love her, *I love her!*" moaned Jitterbuck Jones. "And she won't even give me a small smile! She doesn't even know I'm in town!"

"Who? What's this all about?" Cookie was bewildered.

"Esmerelda Finnegan, of course!" Jit answered indignantly. "Who 'dya think? I tell you, Cookie, you've gotta help me!"

"What are you talkin' about? Help you *how?*" Cookie's bewilderment deepened.

"With Esmerelda Finnegan!" Jit sounded as though he couldn't bear his pal's stupidity. "As a man of experience, you gotta show me how to win her!"

"Who . . . me?"

"Yaas . . . you! You've got a girl, haven't you? You won Angelpuss Witherspoon and now you've gotta teach me ta win Esmerelda!"

Cookie was aghast. "But, Jit, ya can't *teach* anybody that kind of thing! I mean ya gotta send her flowers an' make pretty speeches an' shower her with compliments an' . . ."

"That's it! That's what I've gotta learn! In the name of our long-standing friendship, you've gotta show me how! Will ya, Cookie?"

The appealing look on Jit's face was too much for Cookie. "All right," he said, "I will! Come on, show me where this Esmerelda Finnegan lives!"

The Finnegan house was dark except for a light in an upper window. Jit stared at it with a mooncalf expression.

"That's her window!" Jit pointed. "What can I do?"

"Well," said Cookie, speaking in lowered tones, "get under the window, like *this*, look up with an admiring expression on yer kisser, an' start a romantic spiel, like *this*. 'Esmerelda, this is your own true love, your most ardent admirer! I have longed to know you, Esmerelda, an' to buy you cokes an' malts at the Soda Jerkerie! Say you'll make a date with me an' make me th' happiest character in town!' See?"

"I certainly *do* see!" a voice snapped.

"I see more than you intended, *Mister* O'Toole! To think that you've been chasing this . . . this *Esmerelda*, while leading me to think *I* was your only pash! Cookie O'Toole, I *hate* you!" Angelpuss Witherspoon's voice broke on a sob.

Cookie looked wildly around. He could see how Angel had made this terrible mistake. There was Jit, hidden by a magnolia bush, out of Angel's view. And there *he* was, under Esmerelda Finnegan's window, pitching woo. He'd soon straighten this mess out.

"Look, Angel, yer makin' a mistake," he started to explain.

"You're the one who's made the mistake," Angel corrected him. "I just went and washed you out of my hair! Forget any date we may have had, because I'm breaking them all . . . especially the moonlight boat ride tomorrow! I'm going with a man who appreciates me . . . 'Zoot!' Turning on her heel, she threw him a last withering look and bounced off before he could answer.

"Now look what ya went and did!" Cookie was a mass of misery. "You've just spoiled my romance! Now what do I do?"

"Aw, she didn't mean it!" Jit reassured him. "Look, don't go back on a pal just because ya got a temporary little problem. I want ya to ask Esmerelda ta go on the moonlight sail with me!"

The heartlessness of this request almost floored Cookie, but he could not go back on his promise. "Okay," he said, "I'll try." Raising his voice, he called, "*Esmerelda!*"

A brunette head covered with ribbon curlers appeared at the window.

"This is Cookie O'Toole," the John Alden announced. "I'm here ta ask ya to go on the moonlight boat ride tomorrow with . . ."

"With *you!* Oh, Cookie O'Toole, I'd love to! Call for me at seven tomorrow night, Cookie. Good-nightie-night!" The window slammed shut.

Cookie O'Toole spent a sleepless night, tossing on a bed of grief. Not only had he lost his girl, his Angelpuss Witherspoon, but he had also lost his best friend! For Jit had been so overcome by the unexpected outcome of the lesson in romance, that he had disowned any future interest in Cookie and had said some pretty bitter things besides.

With a heavy heart and a sinking stomach, Cookie went through the next day, feeling the cold, hostile glances of his ex-girl and his ex-chum upon him. How could he explain? How could he unravel this knot?

There was little time to think of that as he helped a giggling Esmerelda Finnegan up the gangplank of the boat that evening. Already, happy groups of guys and gals were gathered on the deck, singing and dancing. Cookie's heart almost burst when he saw Angel leaning up against the railing, standing much too close to that wolf, Zoot. And wasn't that miserably lonesome figure in the corner Jitterbuck Jones? Oh, what a stew!

Esmerelda Finnegan knew nothing of Cookie's turmoil. She wanted to dance. "Come on, Cookie," she urged him. "I'll bet we dance swell together!"

"Wouldn't ya rather lean up against the railing an' have an orange drink or sump'n?" Cookie didn't feel like dancing.

"That's a good idea!" Esmerelda leaned back against the railing and her smile changed to a sudden look of surprise. "Oh . . . I think I'm *falling!*"

Esmerelda wasn't the only one in that plight. As the section of deck railing gave way behind her, another figure, a vision in pale blue, was seen to fly through the air towards the water.

"Woman overboard! *Two* women overboard!" someone yelled.

Cookie didn't hesitate. Peeling off his jacket, he hit the water somewhere between the two girls and yelled, "*Esmerelda! Angelpuss! I'll save ya!*"

It was quite a struggle, towing two hysterical girls to the boat, where eager hands pulled them on board. A group of horrified boys and girls surrounded the prone body of their hero, sprawled on the deck. From the realm of semi-consciousness, Cookie's voice babbled pitifully, "Oh, Angelpuss, I love you! Don't leave me . . . I wasn't courtin' Esmerelda fer me . . . I was doin' it for Jit . . . he's crazy about her . . . like I am about you . . . but he's bashful. . . Angelpuss . . ."

"Here I am, darling," Angelpuss croned as she knelt and took Cookie's hand. "Will you ever forgive me?"

"Gosh, I never had an idea you liked me!" Esmerelda smiled upon Jit agreeably.

There was a full moon and the girls' dresses had dried and the orange drinks were frosty. Two happy couples sat on a bench and looked blissfully at the water.

"Sigh!" said Esmerelda.

"Sigh!" said Jit.

"Sigh!" said Angelpuss.

"Sigh!" said Cookie.

"*Phooey!*" said Zoot.

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**SECRET
SIGNALS**

With the **SENSATIONAL**
PAT. PEND.
TRIGGER-LITE GUN!
TRADE MARK REG.

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It's BOTH!

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- FINDING OBJECTS IN THE DARK!
- EVERY FLASHLIGHT USE!
- GAMES!
- --and many other things
- that **YOU** can think of!



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City..... State.....

Angelpuss

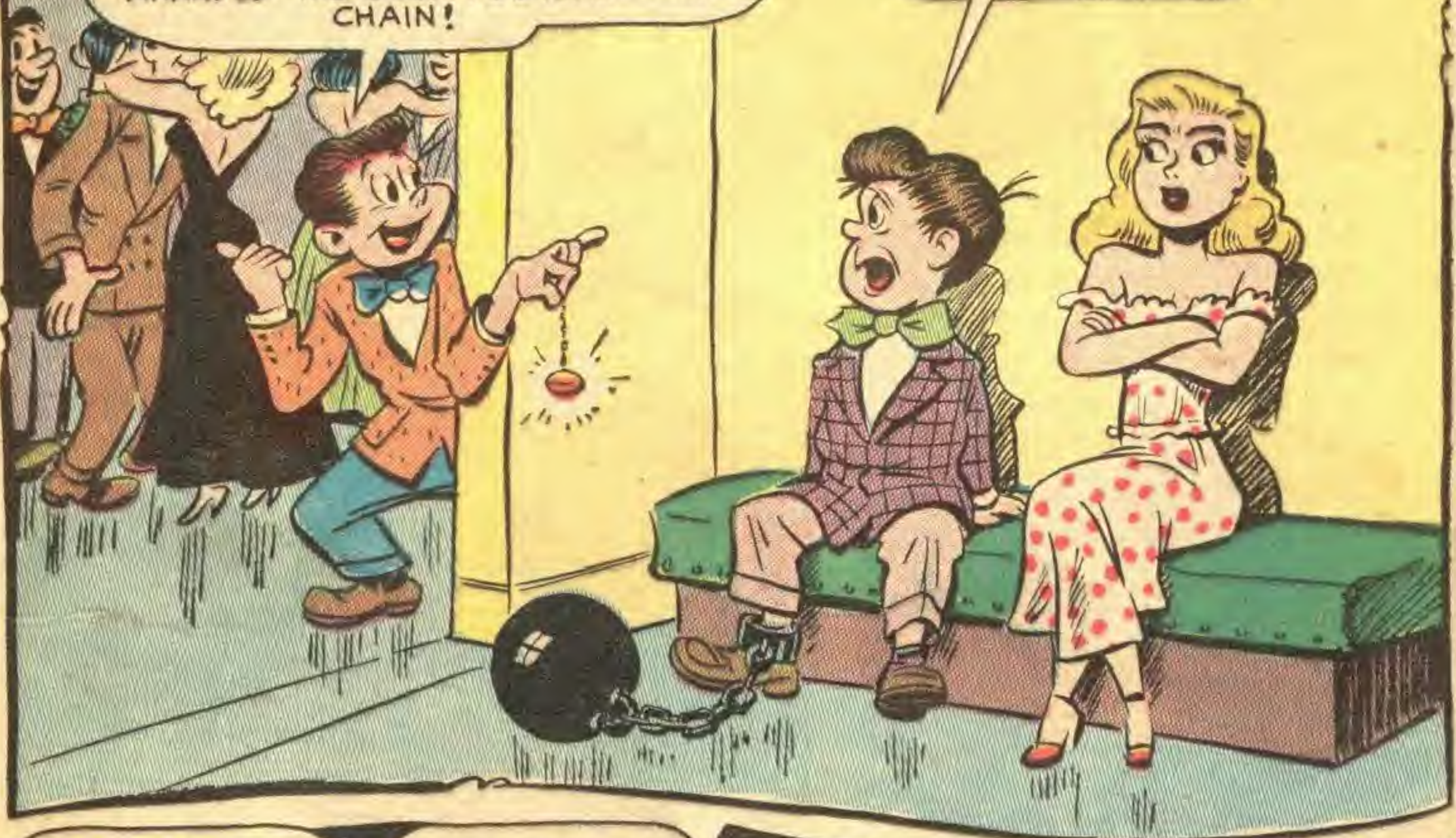
FOOTBALL VICTORY DANCE

SMACK!

SMACK!

HEY COOKIE, C'MON OVER! THE GLAMOR KIDS ARE HANDIN' OUT FREE KISSES TO ALL US GUYS WHO WERE AWARDED THE GOLD FOOTBALL AND CHAIN!

I CAN'T, JIT! ANGEL TRADED MINE IN!



HI, KIDS! WHERE'S ALL THE MEN?

THEY'RE ALL OUT FOR FOOTBALL PRACTICE... EXPECT COOKIE, HERE!

OH, GEE... THAT'S RIGHT!

WHY DON'T YOU LATCH ON TO A HALF-PINT LIKE COOKIE, MARGE? AT LEAST, A FOOTBALL TEAM WOULDN'T BE TAKING UP HIS TIME!

WHY, YOU...



TAKE IT EASY,
ANGEL...I WAS
ONLY KIDDING!

SIT DOWN,
ANGELPUSS!
SHE'S RIGHT,
ANYWAY!

SHE IS NOT! SHE'S
JUST JEALOUS...BE-
CAUSE YOU'RE SO
SWEET!

HEY, COOKIE!

HUH? THAT'S
JIT'S VOICE!

HI, COOKIE! C'MON...
THE COACH WANTS
TO SEE YOU!

THE
COACH?

YEAH...HE'S GOT SOME
TRICK PLAY WORKED
OUT THAT'LL GO OFF
SWEET WITH A GUY
ABOUT YOUR SIZE!

NO, COOKIE
...YOU'LL GET
HURT!

FORGET
IT, ANGEL!
...LET'S
GO, JIT!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE
TO KNOW THAT MY LITTLE
SHRIMP OF A COOKIE HAS
JUST BEEN CALLED OUT
FOR FOOTBALL!

JEEPERS!
THAT'S WHAT
COMES OF THIS
INFLATION
STUFF!

WELL ANYWAY,
HE'LL BE EASY
TO CARRY IN
THE VICTORY
PARADE!

COOKIE!! I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE AT FOOT-
BALL PRACTICE!

YOU'RE RIGHT...I
WAS! THAT IS, IF
A GUY NEEDS PRAC-
TICE TO COMMIT
SUICIDE!



SUICIDE!

SURE! THAT BRAINY
COACH COMES UP WITH
A BRILLIANT PLAY
THAT WOULD MAKE
ME LOOK LIKE I
WENT THROUGH A
MEAT GRINDER!



AND...AND I JUST
GOT THROUGH BRAGGING
TO THE GIRLS!

BUT JEEPERS, ANGEL,
YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T
WANT ME TO GET
HURT!

OH...YOU'VE **EMBARRASSED**
ME! I...I DON'T CARE **WHAT**
HAPPENS TO YOU NOW!



OH, YOU **POOR** LITTLE
BOY! ARE YOU
LOST?

NO, AND
I'M NOT
A LITTLE
BOY!



**I'M A HATEFUL OLD
MAN...BY THE WAY, WOT'RE
YA DOIN' TONIGHT, BABE?**

EEEEK!



AND SO, THE DAY OF THE GAME...

...OH-OH! HARELIP HIGH FUMBLER ON THEIR ONE-YARD LINE AND AN OPPOSING PLAYER FALLS ON THE BALL IN THE END ZONE FOR ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!

SOUNDS BAD FOR YOUR SCHOOL, COOKIE! THEY'RE LOSING!

SO THEY LOSE THE GAME AND I LOSE MY GIRL...SO WOT?

WHICH REMINDS ME! ANGELPUSS WAS IN HERE WITH ZOOT A LITTLE WHILE AGO...GUESS THEY WENT TO THE GAME TOGETHER!

ZOOT! THAT HEEL!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! IT AIN'T THAT BAD, IS IT?

IT'S JUST THAT BAD THAT I GO FORTH TO SHED MY BLOOD AT HER VERY FEET! SHE'LL RUE THIS UNHOLY DAY!

AT THE GAME...

HOW COME YOU'RE NOT PLAYING, ZOOT?

ER...MY DOC SAYS IT'S A TOUCH OF YELLOW JAUNDICE!

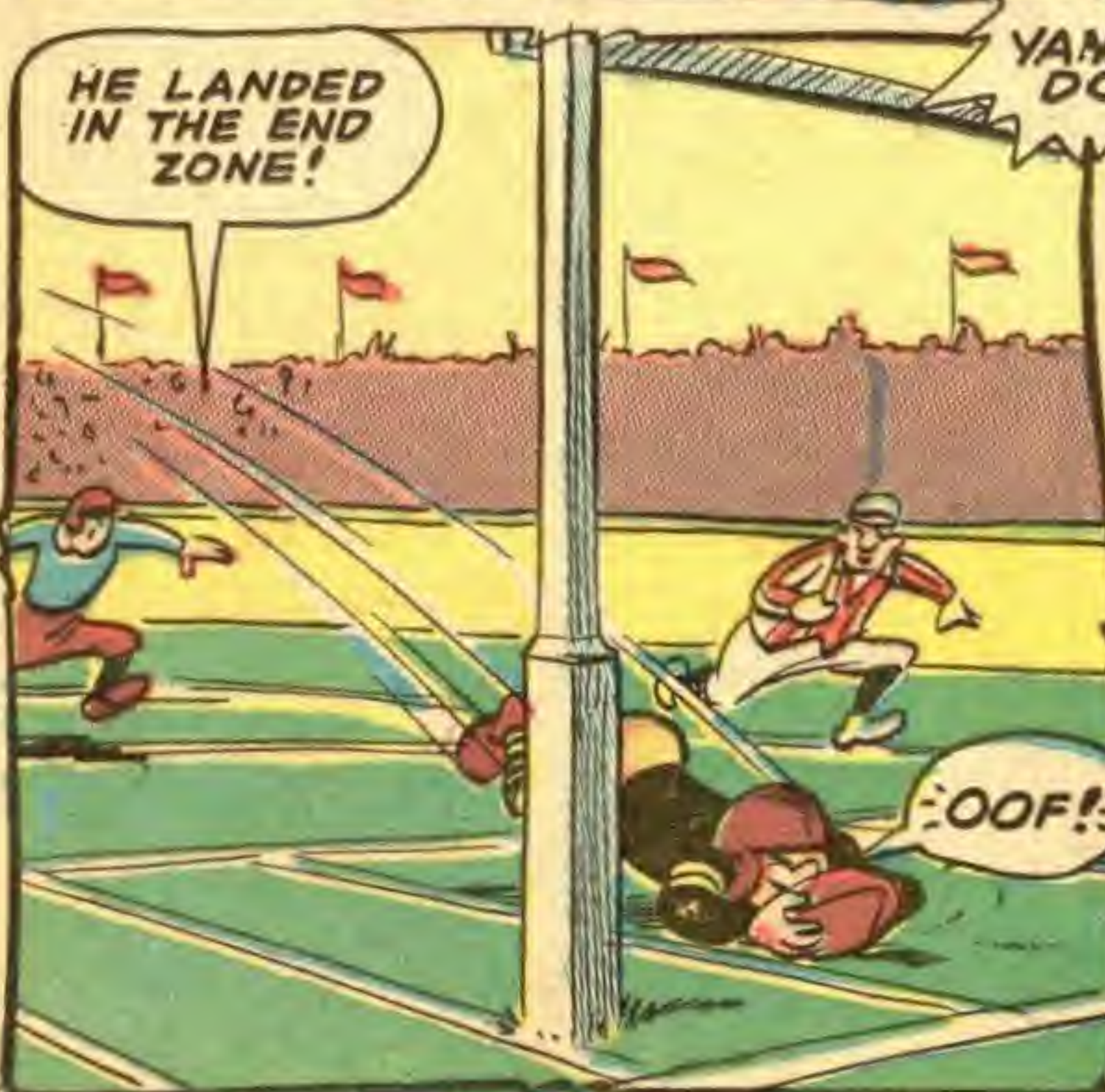
THAT'S NOTHING! COOKIE GOT TOUCHED BY A YELLOW STREAK! HEY, ANGELPUSS?

DON'T MENTION COOKIE TO ME AGAIN! WHY, IF I NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, IT'LL...

HOLD IT, ANGEL... YOU ARE GOING TO SEE HIM! THERE HE IS NOW, AND IN UNIFORM!

YESSIR, SON, I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP...NOW GET IN THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

RIGHT, COACH!



SO, NEEDLESS TO SAY, THEY DID IT SEVERAL MORE TIMES... AND THEY WON!

I'M SORRY, MISS... YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO COME BACK LATER! HIS ROOM IS FULL OF ADMIRERS NOW!

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

I SAW COOKIE TODAY... SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF BABES! I MEAN, A CROWD OF...

SH-HH, DADDY! DON'T SPEAK OF IT NOW!

HEY, THERE'S ANGELPUSS! PULL UP!

LOOK WHAT I GOT FOR WINNIN' THE GAME... MY LETTER!

AND I'M GOING TO KNIT HIM A SWEATER TO WEAR IT ON!

OH NO, I AM!

OH NO, I AM!

YEAH, IT'S GREAT STUFF BEIN' A HERO, ANGEL... EVERYBODY MAKES A FUSS OVER YA! GIRLS STOP AND LOOK AT YA ON THE STREET! BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU FINISH THAT SWEATER WITH MY LETTER ON IT... **WOW!**

YEAH, **WOW!**

HEY, ANGELPUSS! YA SURE YA MADE THIS RIGHT?

ARE YOU KIDDING?

The End!

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WIZARD of FINANCE

"A COUPLE of woes, alases an' alacks!" mourned Jitterbuck Jones. "I sure do need five bucks an' I doubt whether pater would be interested in advancin' the loot! He's been very reluctant lately to part with dough . . . says I'm careless with the stuff, don't know the value of money, am a bad risk . . ."

As he pondered his difficulty, Jit began to brighten considerably. If he could only convince his old man that he *did* know the value of money and could be relied on, he might get the five bucks.

"An' I think I've got a plan that'll convince him!" Jit roused himself to action, making for the Soda Jerkerie on all cylinders. Once there, he approached each member of the gang separately and earnestly.

"Cookie, could ya lend me fifty cents . . . just till tonight? It's a priority request, son!"

"It's the last dough I've got," Cookie answered. "Ya sure about returnin' it tonight?"

"Oh, absolutely, chum! Rely on Jones!"

It took Jit a couple of hours to make the rounds, but he managed to collect as much silver as he could carry without sinking to the street. Everywhere he went, he assured his pals that he would return the money that very evening . . . absolutely! The general consensus was: "You'd better!"

After dinner, Jit approached his father breezily and said, "Say, dad, how about advancin' me five bucks? I sure need it bad!"

"My answer is very simple!" Mr. Jones answered. "Nothing doing!"

"But, dad, I *need* it!" Why won't ya, huh? *Why?*"

"Why?" Jit's dad snorted. "Because giving you money is like tossing it down a drainpipe, *that's* why! My boy, you are the worst financial bet in the country!"

Jit smiled. "S'pose I prove I'm *smart* an' *reliable*, dad! How about that?"

"You prove it and I'll believe *anything*!" Mr. Jones said fervently.

"Then look at *this*!" Proudly, Jit produced an enormous piggy bank, so heavy he could barely budge it. "It's bulgin' with cash, pop! It's poppin' with savings! I just don't wanta crack it open, that's all!"

Mr. Jones could scarcely believe his eyes. That piggy bank looked like a junior-sized Fort Knox. "Son," he said, choking, "I take it all back. Any lad who can accumulate a hoard like this, is worthy of an unlimited loan. Here's the money you asked for!"

As Jit fingered the five-dollar bill lovingly, he felt as exhilarated as a balloon on a windy day. "Thanks, dad!" he said. "I'll just take this little piggy to my room, now!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jones. "As a man of business, you surely know that security is usually required for loans! I shall *keep* this piggy bank until you refund the five dollars! Fair?"

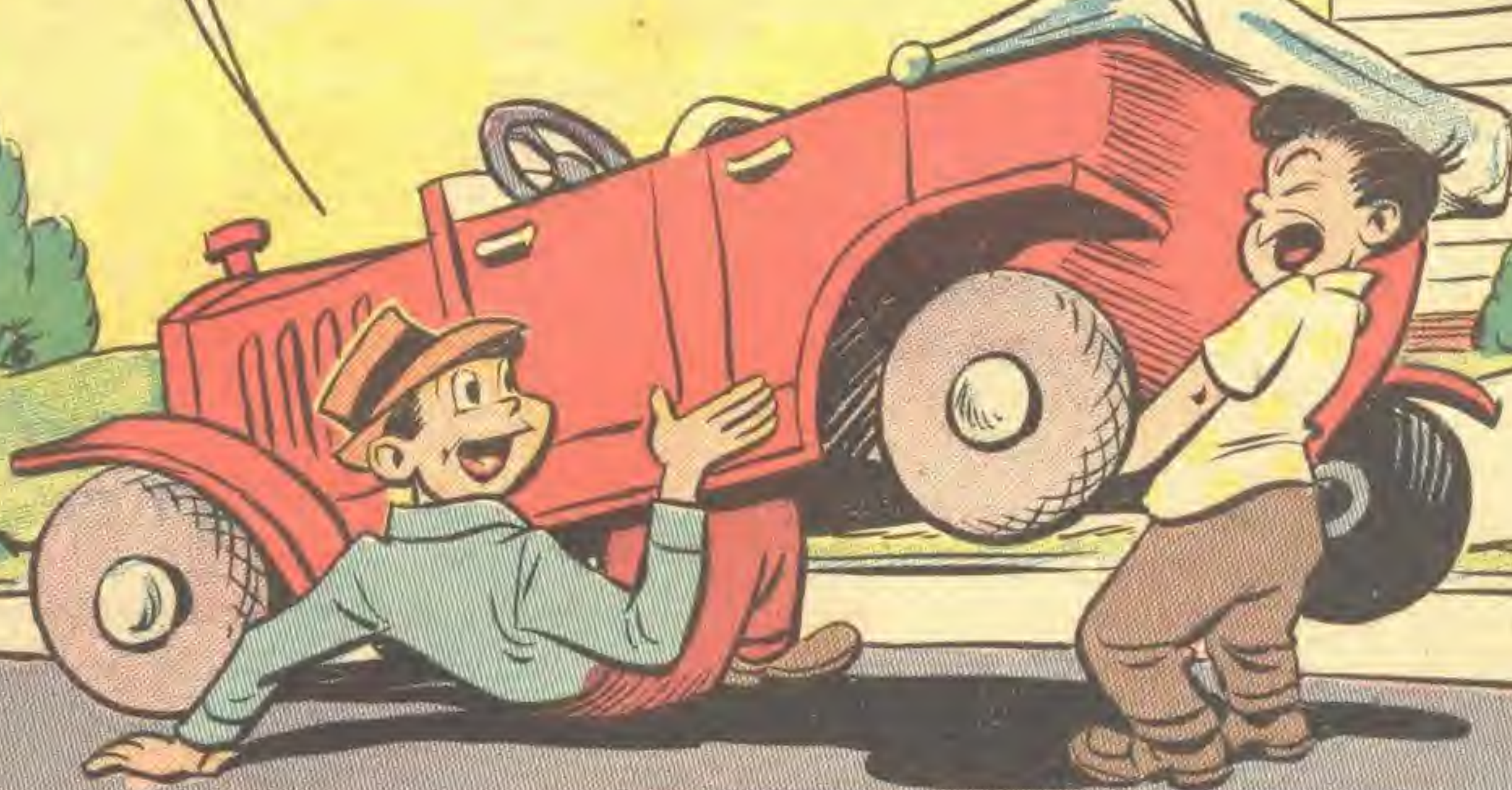
"Yeah . . . fair . . . sure . . ." Jit clutched his forehead despairingly. "Could I refund the five bucks *now*, pop? I . . . I gotta return that piggy bank to the bankers."

Jit, the financial wizard, was *still* bankrupt!

COOKIE

HIYA, JACK!...
GET IT? YOU KNOW...
'CAUSE YER ACTIN'
LIKE A CAR JACK,
SEE?

OKAY, FUNNYBOY, HAVE YER
LITTLE JOKE! BUT JUST
REMEMBER THIS CRATE IS
SUPPOSED TO GET US TO
THE COSTUME BALL TONIGHT
...AN' TIME'S RUNNIN' OUT!

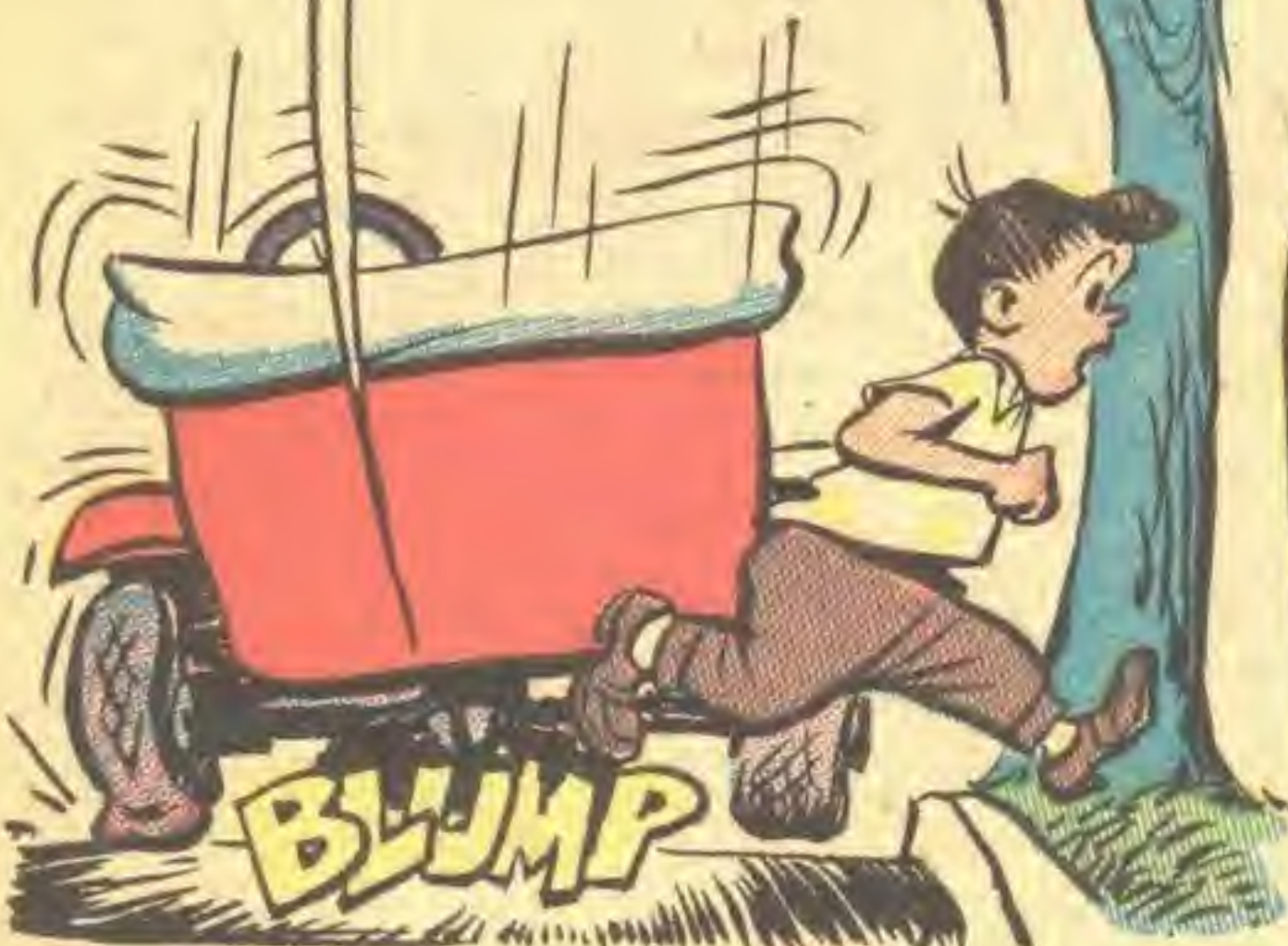


YER RIGHT,
COOKIE! HAND
ME THAT WRENCH
... **HEY!**

NUTS...IT'S IN THE
HOUSE! KEEP YER
HEAD DOWN...I'LL
BE RIGHT BACK!

HI, MOM!
WHERE TO?

RUNNING INTO
TOWN, COOKIE!
I'LL BE HOME
SOON!





WHAT'D MOM GO FOR, POP...THE COSTUMES?

YEAH...COSTUMES...UMMM...YEAH...



COSTUMES! WHAT COSTUMES?

FOR THAT FANCY GETUP AFFAIR TONIGHT AT THE TOWN HALL! YOU KNOW!



OH, GOSH...THE COSTUME BALL TONIGHT! NO...SHE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! TOFIGHT'S THE BIG NIGHT...I MEAN, TONIGHT'S THE BIG FIGHT ON TELEVISION! I GOTTA SEE IT!



COOKIE, I'VE GOT TO STOP HER! LOOK, YOU'VE GOTTA DRIVE ME DOWN-TOWN!

BUT POP, I CAN'T! YA SEE...



OH, TOO BUSY TO HELP YOUR POOR FATHER OUT, EH? OKAY!

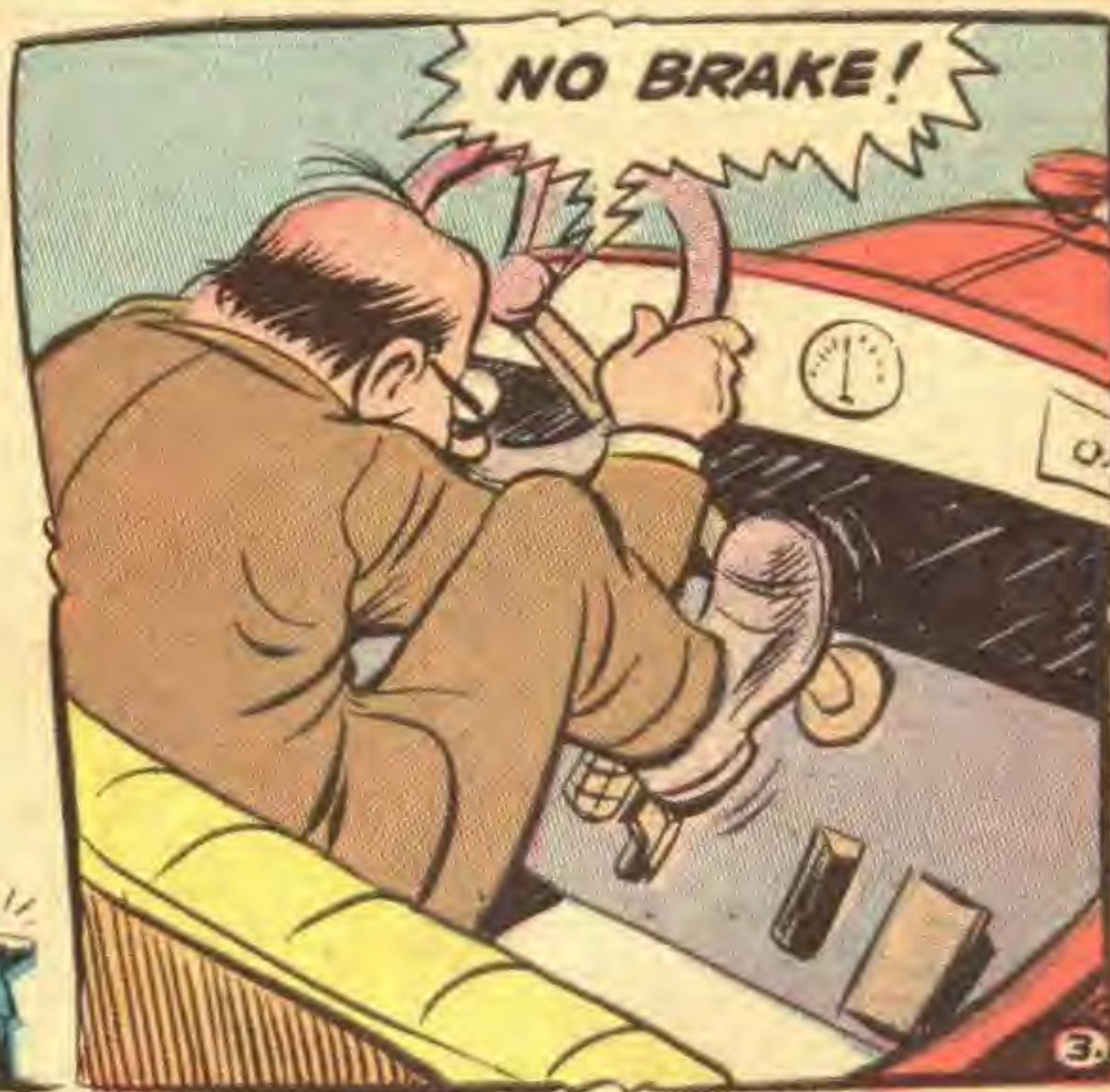
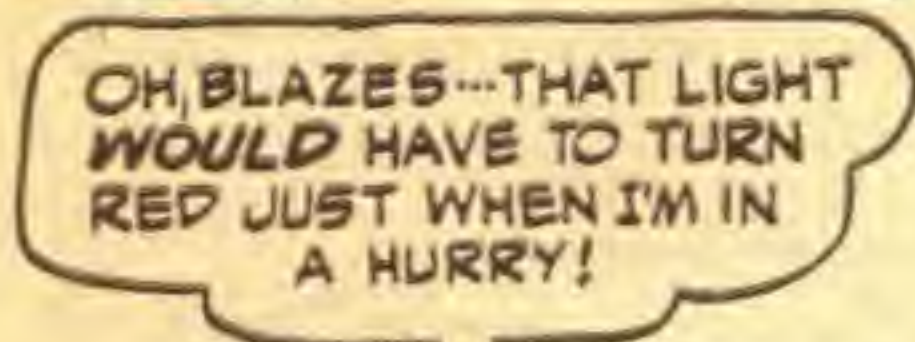
IT'S NOT THAT! LISTEN...

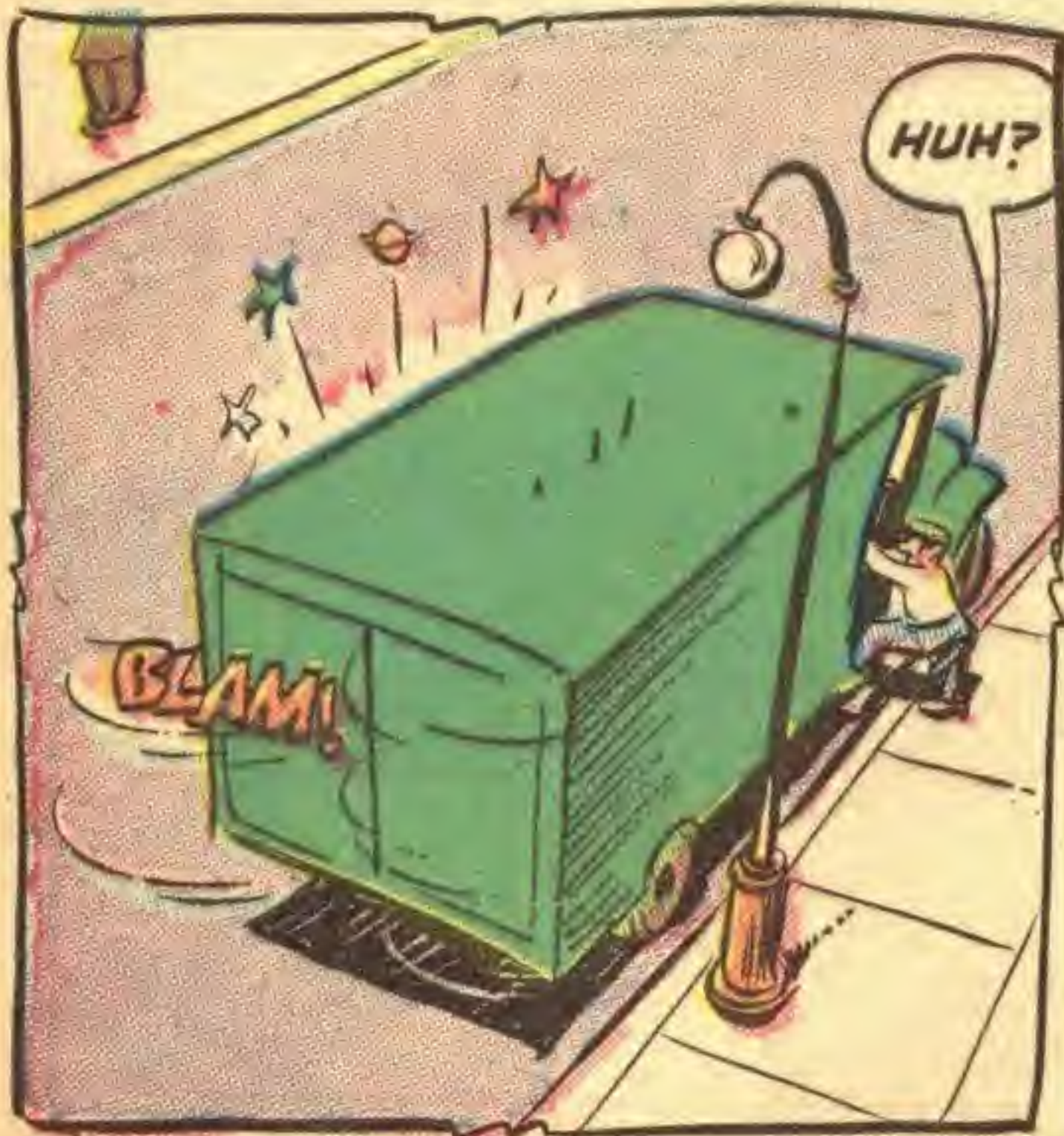
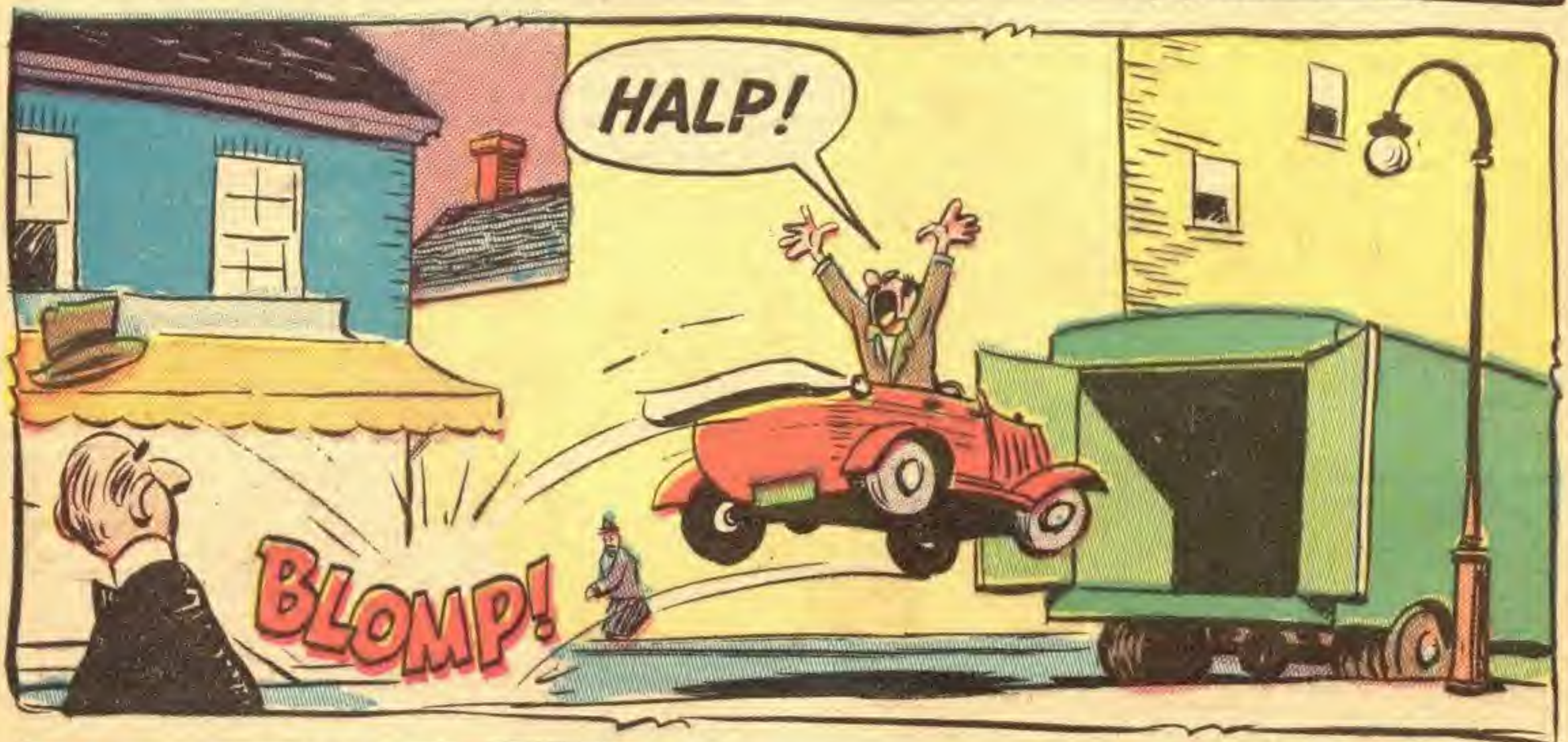


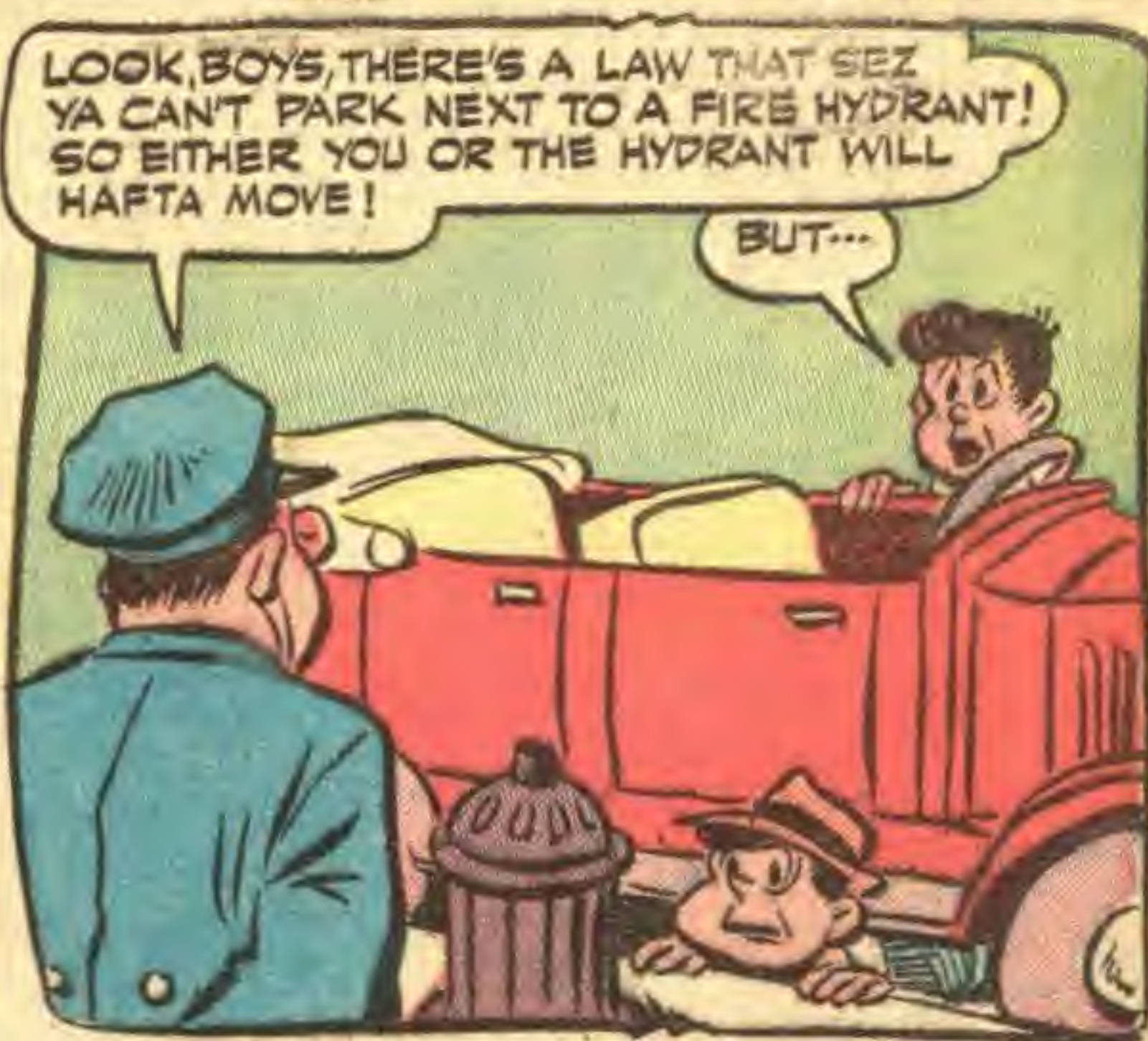
THEN I'LL JUST TAKE YOUR CAR AND FIND HER MYSELF!

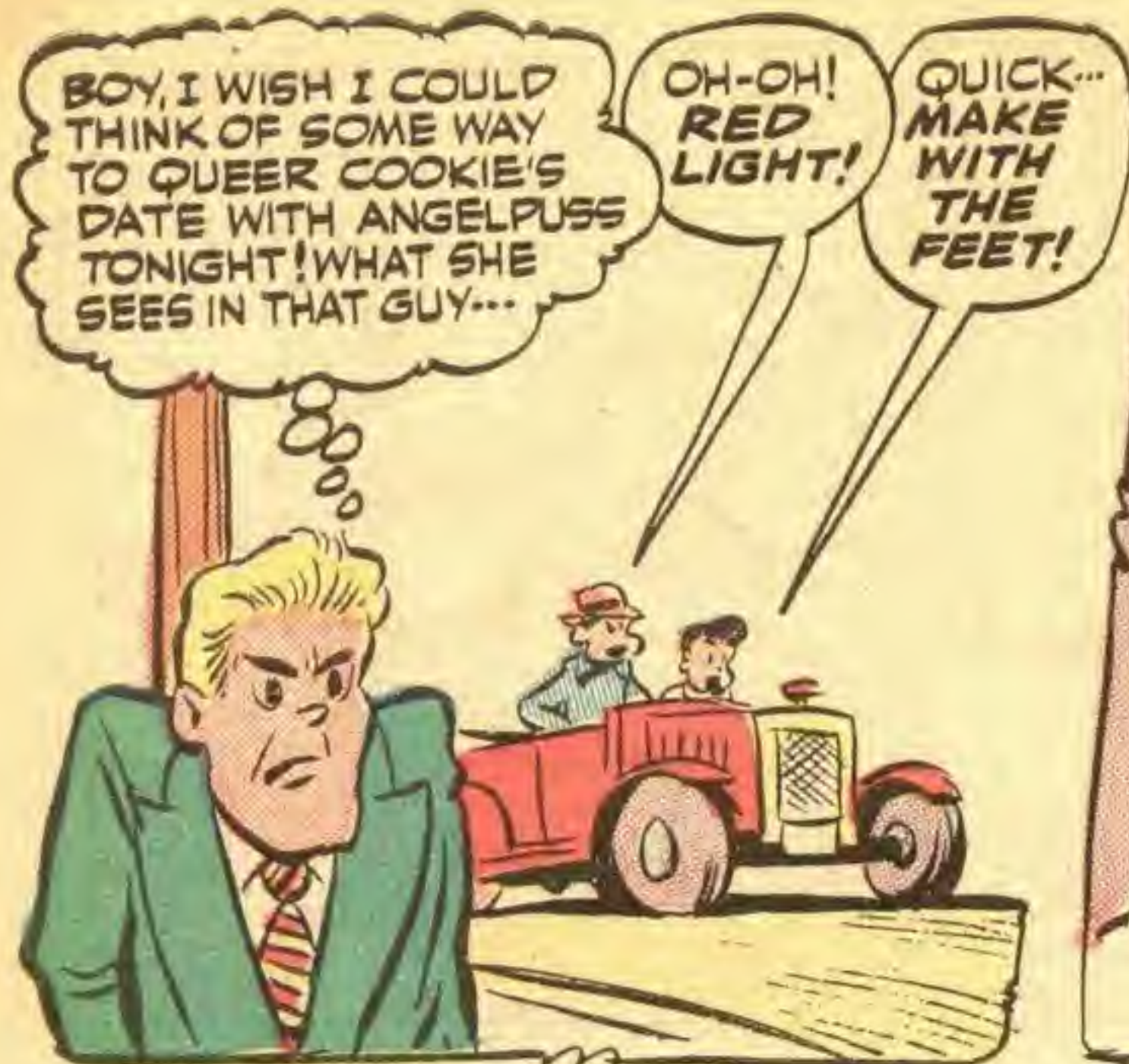
NO, POP...WAIT! YA GOTTA LISTEN!

OOF!













HA! I KNEW THEY COULDN'T HOLD YOU IN THERE, PAL!

THEY DID *WORSE* THAN THAT! THEY FIXED IT SO'S POP WON'T LET ME OUT OF HIS SIGHT FROM NOW ON!



OH...

C'MON, COOKIE, LET'S GET HOME! THAT FIGHT WILL BE ON TELEVISION SOON!



...SO WITH COOKIE IN THE CAN, I GOT A CLEAR ROAD WITH ANGELPUSS! I THINK I'LL CALL HER NOW!

THAT VOICE... ZOOT!



JUST A MINUTE, WISE GUY! HOW DID YOU KNOW COOKIE WAS IN TROUBLE?

ER...WHY, I WAS RIGHT BEHIND THE JALOP...I MEAN, RIGHT ON THE S-SIDEWALK!



YOU MEAN IT WAS YOU WHO YELLED ...YOU WHO PUSHED THE JALOPY INTO THE COP! WHY, I'LL...

HELP!



HOLD IT, JIT! THAT WON'T HELP COOKIE!

I'LL DRAG HIM OVER TO THE COURT... I'LL MAKE HIM TALK...

IT'S TOO LATE! THEY WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT TONIGHT!



IT'S A CINCH THAT RAT ZOOT WON'T SHOW AT THE DANCE TONIGHT! HE'S TOO YELLOW!

YEAH, BUT THE SAD PART OF IT IS... **NEITHER WILL COOKIE!**

I'M NOT SO SURE! YOUR MENTIONIN' A RAT GAVE ME AN IDEA!... **LISTEN!**



COOKIE, COME ON DOWN AND SEE THE FIGHT! IT'S SWELL!

THANKS, POP, BUT I GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND!



CONFOUND IT! THERE'S THE DOORBELL!

RIGHT TO THE JAW!
LEFT HOOK!
FLANAGAN FEINTS!
CLINCH!

AWK!



WE'RE THE EXTERMINATORS!

WE DRESS LIKE THIS TO TRAP RATS!



YEAH, AN' WE HAD A COMPLAINT THAT THERE'S A BIG RAT LOOSE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND!

ER... GO RIGHT AHEAD!



SILLIEST THING I EVER HEARD OF!
OH, WELL...

2 MINUTES TO GO IN THE 6TH!
LEFT CROSS
A RIGHT HOOK



THIS OLD
BEAR RUG
SHOULD DO
IT!

EEEEEEK!



OW-WWW!

BAM!



HELP,
POLICE!

COMING,
LADY!



THAT WAS MOM!
WOT'S UP?



I'M SO SORRY TO
BOTHER YOU, OFFICER!
IT WAS ONLY MY DOPE
OF A HUSBAND!

SAY, AREN'T YOU
THE FELLOW
WHOSE SON
WAS IN TROUBLE
TODAY?



Y-YESSIR! YOU PUT
HIM IN MY CUSTODY
... AND I WAS CARE-
LESS! HE WENT
OUT!

ARE YOU KIDDIN',
POP? I'VE BEEN
HERE ALL THE
TIME!



ER...I'VE BEEN THINKIN' THINGS
OVER, MADAM, AND IT SEEMS
YOUR **HUSBAND** NEEDS
WATCHIN' AS MUCH AS THE
BOY DOES! SO I'M PUTTIN'
HIM IN YOUR
CUSTODY!

WELL...I
DONT KNOW
WHAT THIS
IS ALL
ABOUT...

...BUT POP'S BEING
IN MY CUSTODY
MEANS HE HAS
TO DO AS I TELL
HIM, DOESN'T
IT?

ABSOLUTELY,
MA'AM!
G'NIGHT!



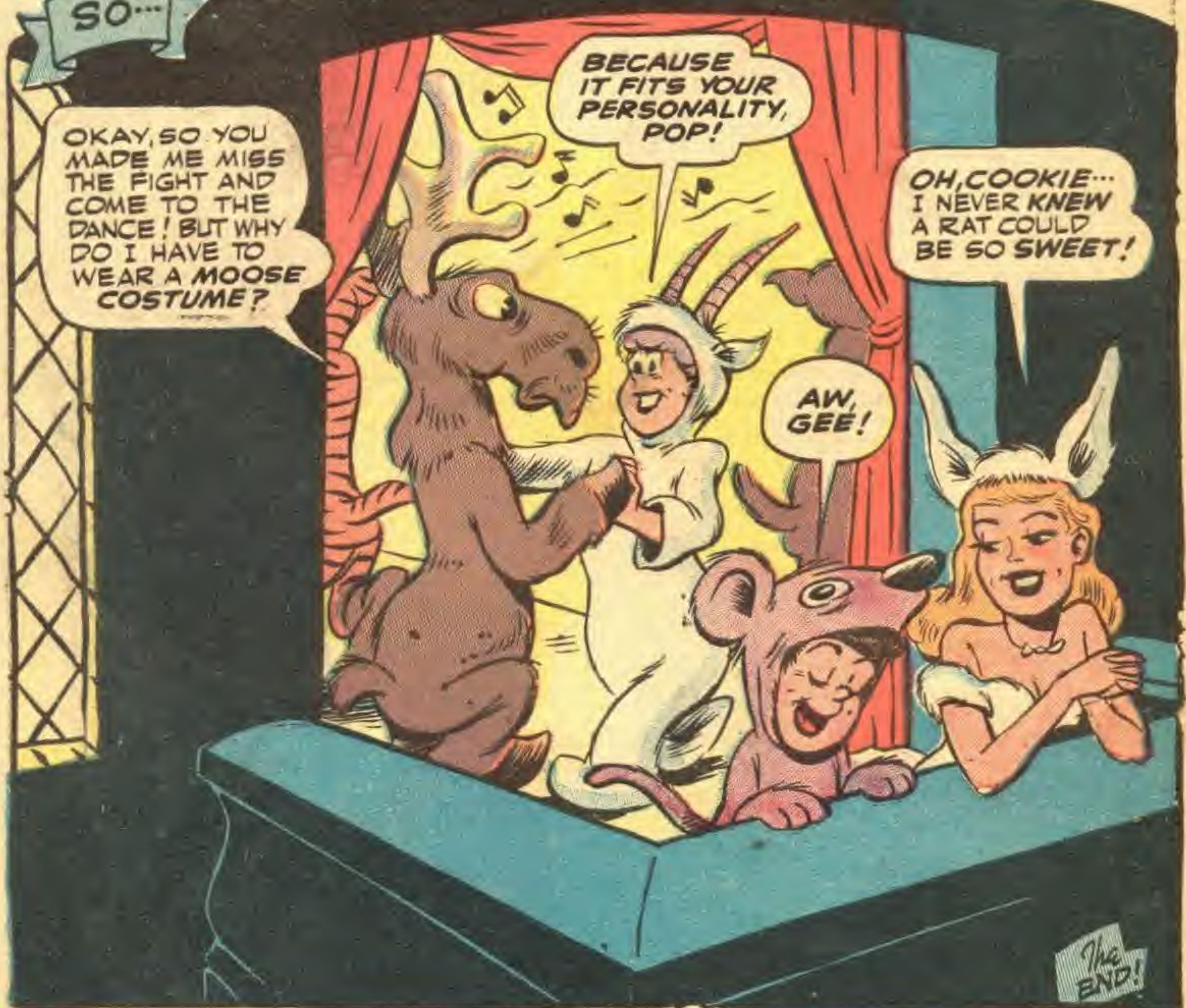
SO...

OKAY, SO YOU
MADE ME MISS
THE FIGHT AND
COME TO THE
DANCE! BUT WHY
DO I HAVE TO
WEAR A **MOOSE**
COSTUME?

BECAUSE
IT FITS YOUR
PERSONALITY,
POP!

OH, **COOKIE...**
I NEVER KNEW
A RAT COULD
BE SO **SWEET!**

AW,
GEE!



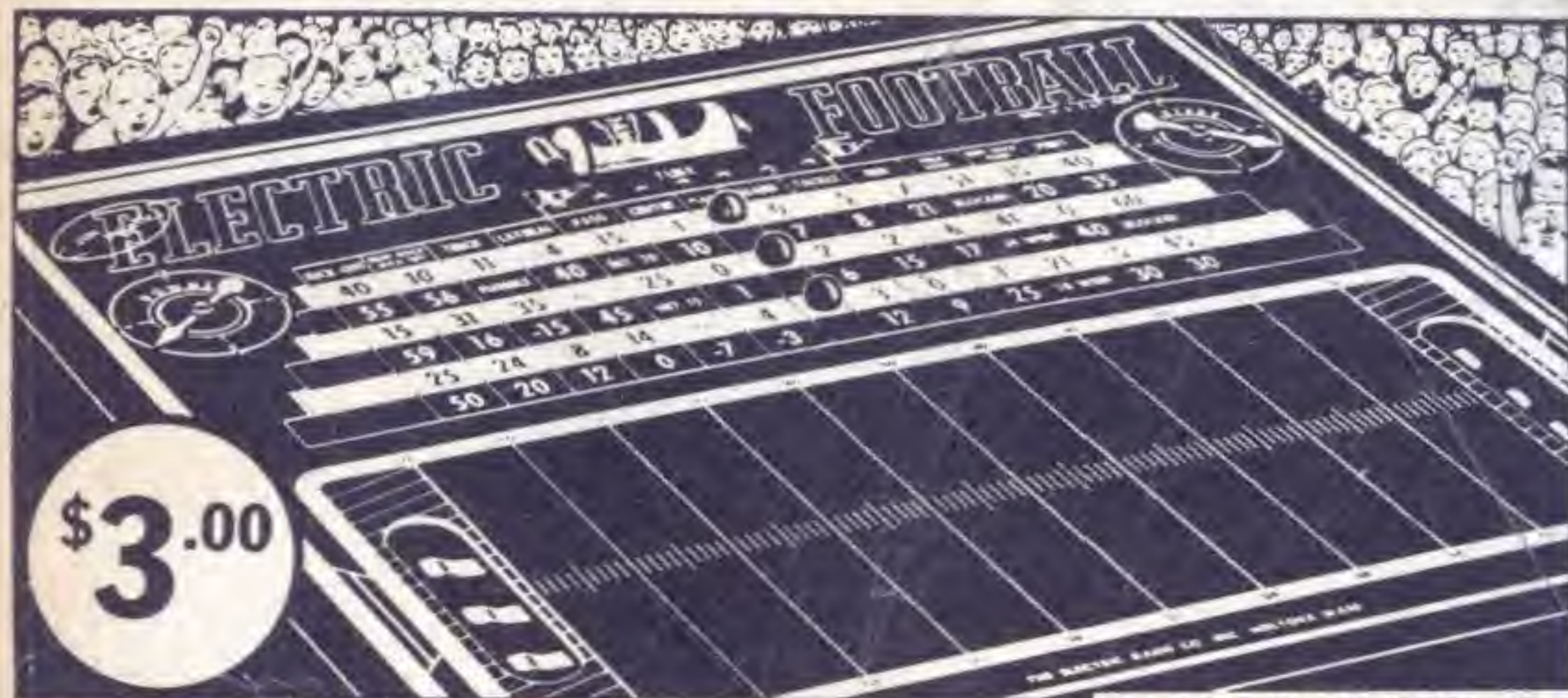
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